

48

## JERUSALEM'S HITLER

the man behind the Palestine terror

## MOTHER IN CHILDBIRTH

an exclusive photo-report

THE MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR • JUNE • 35  
CHICAGO



THE GRAND MUFTI



"I think I'd like  
a White Horse  
better than anything"



WHITE HORSE CELLAR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.  
86.8 PROOF. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK.

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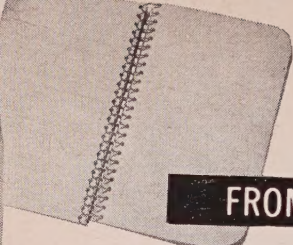
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By Arthur Murray

FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF

*a dancing master*

People reveal themselves to an extraordinary degree in their dancing. It's the quickest way to find out what a person is really like. I always dance with a girl before I hire her and certainly every man should dance with a girl before he marries her.

\* \* \*

When I was a kid of 17 or 18 I liked to hang around dance halls. Dancing fascinated me, but I was shy and didn't have the nerve to enter any of the contests. One night, I was standing on the sidelines, scuffing my feet, when a big blonde bore down on me. A contest was beginning and her partner had run out on her. She grabbed me and whirled me into the spotlight. We won the contest, but the blonde took home the cup.

\* \* \*

Early in my career I gave dancing lessons over the radio. I was cut off the air once, when I unfortunately worded my instructions: "Forward, side, together! Back, side, together!"

\* \* \*

At the time I was working out my idea for selling dancing lessons by mail, I happened to meet William Jennings Bryan, the famous political figure. I told him of my idea and added that the thing that worried me was how to be sure to collect my money. Bryan considered the problem briefly. "That's easy," he said. "Teach 'em with only one foot. Don't show them what to do with the other until they pay up!"

\* \* \*

Enrico Caruso was the first pupil to buy a whole course of lessons. Until he came, I always charged per lesson. Caruso

2

*(Continued on page 148)*



WHI-SH-SH-SH-SH!

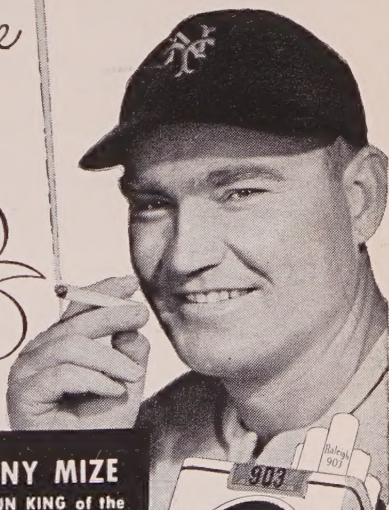
# "It's Moisturized"

## TO CUT DOWN THROAT IRRITANTS

That's Why

*Johnny Mize*  
Says:

AS AN ATHLETE I'M GLAD TO  
KNOW THAT NO OTHER  
LEADING CIGARETTE GIVES ME  
**LESS THROAT IRRITANTS!**



**JOHNNY MIZE**  
HOME RUN KING of the  
**N. Y. GIANTS**

**NEW**  
**Raleigh "903"**



THE TASTE IS RICHER, YET THE SMOKE IS MILDER

PLAIN  
OR  
TIPPED

*Birth of an internationalist: Vandenberg at the San Francisco U.N. Conference*





By TRIS COFFIN

# VANDENBERG and the Great Temptation

"Elder statesman" by common consent, the Senator would rather sit tight than be President. But then . . .

**T**HE HARD wooden seats in the dark recesses of the Senate gallery were filled. Washington society, diplomats, congressional secretaries waited for the great performance. Reporters were bunched elbow to elbow in their pews. In the dim light—it was like early dawn—those in the gallery could pick out the faces of the men at the spindly mahogany desks below. All but eleven senators were in their places, something of a record.

There was no spotlight in the chamber, but attention was focused on one man. He sat upright—a richly handsome, elderly man, his features composed in a

solemn and noble mask. With the points of a starched linen handkerchief standing out like flower petals against his black, double-breasted suit, he looked more than ever like Washington's candidate for "man of distinction."

This was Arthur H. Vandenberg, the Senator who enjoys, and he does enjoy it, the title of "elder statesman."

(The title was born of a wish and a prayer three years ago. There was such a desperate need for an internationally minded statesman who could speak with authority for Congress that presidential aides, newspaper corre-



spondents, diplomats, and private citizens crossed their fingers and repeated, "I hope Senator Vandenberg is a statesman. I hope . . ." Gradually the first two words of the chant wore off and the refrain became, "Senator Vandenberg is a statesman." The transition was so subtle that none can say exactly when it occurred.)

ON THIS DAY Senator Vandenberg waited in dignified silence for the stage to be set. At last, a small, white-haired man, Republican floor leader Wallace White, rose and quavered, "Mr. President, I move that the Senate proceed to the consideration of Senate Bill 1774, the European interim aid bill, so called."

Arthur Vandenberg rose to his feet. The ladies in the gallery leaned forward. The senators turned in their seats to face him. He waited majestically for the hush of attention. Then his resonant voice flowed forth like a cello solo: "I present to the Senate the bill for interim aid to France, Italy, and Austria in their battle against the lurking tyranny which feeds upon such disaster. This bill is recommended in its appeal, one, to traditional American humanities; two, by unescapable necessity

if western Europe is to preserve a free chance to order its own liberty; and, three, by unavoidable American self-interest in a free, solvent and peaceful world."

Senator Robert Taft, who usually squirms and fidgets when anyone else is talking, crossed his long legs and listened with an attentive frown. The gallery was as still as a movie audience during a love scene. Even the reporters, who had copies of the text of the Senator's speech, sat quietly. For this was one of the infrequent performances of a great actor, a man who could have been, as he himself ruefully admits, a matinee idol. (As an actor he would of course have been one of the lofty, noble types—such as Francis X. Bushman—that once delighted grandmother.)

He has the physical stature for the role—the height, the broad shoulders, the large head with the broad and gleaming forehead. A few locks of black hair, now turning white, are brushed carefully across the back of his head. The eyebrows are thick, black, and eloquent. The chin is square and stubborn. But the eyes are the features that bring sighs from the gallery. They are large and black, with an almost feminine lustre. They are his one soft feature. Not even Franklin D. Roosevelt could look soulful as effortlessly as Arthur H. Vandenberg.

To go with these attributes, the Senator has a fine sense of the

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**Tris Coffin**, Oregon born, Indiana bred, is Washington correspondent for ABC. He is also author of a column, *Washington Daybook*, and a book on the Truman administration, *Missouri Compromise*.

dramatic. He likes to have it known, for example, that his Senate seat was once occupied by Daniel Webster. One can be sure he fancies a parallel.

Finally, the Senator has a voice like that of a John Barrymore. He can make such a simple phrase as "Good morning, young man," sound like a hymn. Each word in his speeches, and he writes all of them himself, is lovingly placed for the way it attacks the ear. Full of gallant generalities, his addresses do not appeal strongly to the mind or imagination, and he very rarely says anything that stimulates either anger or adoration; that just isn't his style.

ON THIS EARLY winter afternoon, the gentleman from Michigan was in great form. He shifted expertly from mood to mood. There was the thundering indignation of the righteous elder: "The international unity which won the war has fallen apart. A new type of Communist aggression is on the march. In the United Nations, which is still the world's best bridge across this ominous gap, this new aggression often boycotts what it cannot defeat. It operates through ruthless pressures on terrorized satellites, it operates through internal subversion and sabotage." Then a change to gentleness and the humble spirit of brotherhood: "This is not any sort of war, either hot or cold, with

anybody. . . . There is a grievous need for the restoration of east-west friendship in a live-and-let-live world."

After the final word of the speech had died like a lingering sigh, there was a sound of people leaving the gallery, and senators began slipping out one by one for lunch. But Senator Vandenberg's day was just beginning. The question period was next. This can be very rough; but to stab at Senator Vandenberg with ugly questions would somehow be as out of place as belching in church.

The first questioner was Forrest Donnell of Missouri, a small man with hunched shoulders, large ears, and popeyes. He has, it is claimed, a great legal mind. At least, he is fascinated by details that bore other people. His first question was two minutes long.

There was at first a polite parrying back and forth. Senator Vandenberg employed lofty phrases with just the faintest tone of disapproval. Mr. Donnell came back eagerly, very friendly but very persistent, with his long, complex sentences. Mr. Vandenberg tired of this and asked, "Do I understand that the crux of the Senator's inquiry is this question of the delegation of presidential power?"

The implication was plain that it annoyed Mr. Vandenberg to have to interpret the Missourian's elaborate inquiries. A few minutes later, Vandenberg firmly told his



interrogator, "I understand the Senator's point, and he misunderstood my reply." Apparently chastened, Mr. Donnell took his seat.

Brooding Joseph Ball of Minnesota tried next. He made a futile effort to pin Senator Vandenberg down on a particular point. Mr. Vandenberg answered with brief noncommittal statements. He was the dignified elder brushing aside a rude child.

Of one section in the bill, Senator Ball demanded, "Why could not the language stop there?"

Mr. Vandenberg gazed languidly around the chamber and replied, "The Senator can stop there if he wishes. If the rest of the truth annoys him, why, it can be deleted."

Heavily, Joe Ball moved on, "Will the Senator yield further?"

Vandenberg yawned, "I yield."

Later, he was matched with Kenneth Wherry, the restless, gum-chewing go-getter from Nebraska, and this contest the Michigan sena-

tor obviously enjoyed. It was a unequal bout between a trained fighter and an awkward slugger. Wherry would move in waving both arms wildly and making broad, sweeping statements based more on opinion than on fact. Vandenberg would strike back carefully, sharpshooting with all the facts at his disposal. Once Wherry dropped his guard completely. Instead of throwing a haymaker, Vandenberg tickled him, to the amusement of the gallery.

But by the end of the afternoon Senator Vandenberg was no longer having fun. He had been on his feet for several hours. He was hungry. The warm feeling of elation that fine words and an attentive audience can bring had worn off. His answers became shorter and shorter.

Senator Donnell had another long and involved question. Making no effort to follow it, the Michigan senator answered with a

*Learning the ropes: At the U.N. Charter Conference, Vandenberg found that*





gh, "I thank the Senator, but I am unable to follow him to a conclusion at the moment."

Finally he was able to slip out of the chamber to the restaurant on the floor below. In the hallway he straightened his shoulders. His eyes lost their weariness. He strode down the corridor in that peculiarly dignified strut of his. It had been a good performance, and the Senator knew it.

Arthur Vandenberg's greatest skill is as a diplomat. He has made persuasion and compromise a fine art. His Senate Foreign Relations Committee is composed of thirteen men who take themselves and their opinions very seriously, but since Vandenberg became chairman, almost every major policy decision has passed by a vote of 13 to 0.

An example of the Senator's gift was his questioning of Secretary of State George Marshall at a public hearing. At that time, the relations between the State Department and

Capitol Hill had deteriorated into undeclared war. Secretary Marshall, a proud and firm-minded man, was obstinately opposed to the Republican plan to separate the administration of European rehabilitation from the State Department. He felt that it would constitute a retreat and a personal defeat. Vandenberg, a political realist, favored the separation as the only means of getting together enough votes to pass the European Recovery Plan.

Senator "Ole Tawm" Connally, the ranking Democrat on the committee, and a tough, experienced fighter, was on Secretary Marshall's side. He wanted to bring the issue into the open and battle it out. Connally moved in as soon as Marshall had finished his statement. With a snort and a quick glance at Vandenberg, the Texan drawled, "How do you stand on this, Mr. Secretary? If a matter of foreign policy came before this

*what passes for wisdom on Capitol Hill may sound like humbug before the world.*





Vandenberg today

← TO HIM. THE PRESIDENCY IS NO PRIZE . . .

separate agency they would set up, would you decide matters of foreign policy, or would this administrator (Senator Connally spoke the word contemptuously) just listen to you and then make his own decision?"

The Secretary replied gravely, "My decision should govern."

Vandenberg's face betrayed no feeling. Connally said aggressively, "Certainly, the final authority ought to be with you. That's what I'm trying to get at."

Marshall said firmly, "The Secretary of State should have direct supervision over all matters of foreign policy involved in European rehabilitation. We cannot have a dual state of affairs."

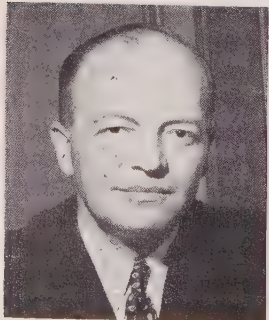
Senator Vandenberg puffed judicially on a cigar. At just the

right time, he flicked his cigar ash and commented sympathetically, "I would like to pursue this further, because it is the heart of the whole matter. I agree with you we cannot have two Secretaries of State. I gather you put high importance on having a single administrator for foreign aid. Yet, in your bill, it says specifically that all functions of the economic program involving foreign policy should be decided by the Secretary of State." He paused and added gently, "Isn't that authority too broad and unlimited? Couldn't you spell it out more in detail?"

The Secretary replied stiffly, "It might be possible."

The Senator went on smoothly, a note of apology in his voice, "All I am suggesting is—I would like to see a further study of how the administration can be divided. We ran into this same problem on

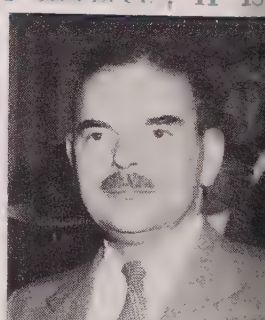
. . . BUT TO THESE REPUBLICAN PARTY HOPEFULS, IT IS



BLACK STAR



BLACK STAR



INI

an atomic control bill. The military people wanted to control; the public preferred to have civilians in charge. We found a way out of the dilemma—a civilian atomic control commission, with a military liaison board. This board was given veto power.” (This was one of the more famous of the Vandenberg-inspired compromises.)

Very earnestly, Vandenberg said, “I do wish you would give me more thought.” It was a prayer for compromise.

The Secretary of State was thawing. He said, and his manner was benign, “We certainly will do so.”

In the end, Vandenberg won. In his most disarming manner he addressed Secretary Marshall and his lieutenants that the ERP was not going through unless the State Department backed down. He just was not going to make the effort to push the Marshall Plan if the secretary was going to place hurdles in his path. Vandenberg satis-

fied his grumbling Republican colleagues from the Midwest by reporting to them a victory: ERP funds would be dispensed not by lavish-handed diplomats but by sharp-eyed businessmen.

The Vandenberg diplomacy is made of many things. One element is his infinite patience in dealing with proud men. He goes about this with all the skill and pleasure of a master seducer.

For one thing, Senator Vandenberg understands politics thoroughly and the limitations it places on men who come before the voters every six years. He has never been bold in defying what he considered to be the wishes of the people who elected him, and he does not expect others to be more daring. Instead, he always seeks ways to enable other senators to justify their following his foreign policy leadership. He made three significant changes in the Marshall Plan to attract sup-

(Left to right) Stassen, Martin, Dewey, MacArthur, Warren, and Taft.



BLACK STAR



INP



INP



port: elimination of the over-all guarantee of \$17,000,000,000 in the bill, a reduction in the amount requested by the State Department for the first installment, and asking the Brookings Institution to decide the issue of administration.

**S**ENATOR VANDENBERG works hard at divining public opinion. He spends an hour and a half every morning going through his mail. He seeks to read the letters himself and does not shove them off on a harassed assistant. He crowds into his tight schedule a number of private audiences. He reads seven newspapers every day and eagerly solicits the opinions of influential correspondents.

A classic example of the Senator's shifting and tacking to catch the winds of public opinion was in the atomic energy control battle. In the early days of the argument he favored military control. But he did not push his views aggressively. The winds of public opinion had not begun to blow in any direction. Then the atomic scientists began their powerful campaign for civilian control. The Senate committee considering the legislation was deadlocked for days. Senator Vandenberg read his letters and his newspapers and kept testing the winds. Then, in he marched with the compromise.

The Senator does not like to stick his neck out on major foreign policy changes. He would much

prefer not to lead opinion but to go along with it, keeping on the crest of the wave. When President Truman called a special session of Congress to deal with emergency aid to Europe, Vandenberg was angry and upset, and he grumbled to his colleagues that the country was not ready. He stalled off the Administration's pressure for immediate action by announcing loftily that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would not meet until the Herter committee was ready with recommendations. This was one of the rare occasions when the mighty Senate Foreign Relations Committee waited for a mere House committee, and a temporary one at that, to act.

From his thirty-two years in political life, Arthur Vandenberg has learned one valuable lesson—the knack of keeping quiet. Congressmen ordinarily love to sound off on every subject from alimony to sex life in Zanzibar. Vandenberg knows what a perilous habit this can be. His views on domestic legislation are practically unknown outside the Senate. He rarely takes sides publicly on the many intricate issues in world affairs.

I remember one attempt I made to query the Senator on some new Russian move. He listened patiently and then replied, pleasantly enough, "No thank you, not this time." The tone of his voice implied that both he and I knew it was silly to try to question him. In

fact, the rank and file of reporters in the Senate press gallery are not great admirers of Senator Vandenberg, mainly because he makes them feel so foolish when they come around with inquiries.

The Senator has also learned from experience how to get others to do his work for him. His life is splendidly arranged so that he does only what he likes—dealing face to face with people and orating. His office is managed by a competent staff headed by his son, Arthur Vandenberg, Jr. The detail work, the constant liaison with the State Department, the writing of legislation, even much of the strategy of the Foreign Relations Committee is handled by one of the brightest and least known young men in Washington, Dr. Francis Wilcox. The two make a potent combination—Dr. Wilcox the scholar, and Senator Vandenberg the diplomat. His public relations are gratefully handled by several top newspaper and radio correspondents, each of whom has managed to give the impression that he is the Senator's most intimate counselor.

A NUMBER of Republican senators less internationally minded than Mr. Vandenberg are itching to challenge his rulership of foreign policy. But they can't screw up the courage. Senator Taft has made several bold starts, then subsided. Wherry and George Malone of Nevada have made widely

publicized attempts to organize the isolationists. But always they fear Arthur Vandenberg's tremendous public prestige. They understand, too, that he can be pushed or pulled just so far, and then he becomes a stubborn Dutchman.

The Vandenberg worship is a recent development. Ten years ago, the Senator was a rather vain, pompous, extremely well-dressed, and thoroughly conventional Republican lawmaker—with a keen dislike of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Ironically, it was Mr. Roosevelt who began building Arthur Vandenberg into the model of a twentieth-century statesman. It was not that Roosevelt had any special fondness for the Republican senator. Rather, it was expediency: the President desperately needed a foreign policy spokesman who would inspire bipartisan support.

Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, was a shrewd and tough Texas politician, invaluable in rough and tumble fighting but not worth a hoot in compromising and in wheedling support. Vandenberg was just what the doctor ordered.

But it was not until the U.N. conference in San Francisco in 1945 that Vandenberg began to talk like a statesman. This conference began in an atmosphere of idealism, of hope, that infected even the reporters and observers. Then, at a committee meeting, Senator Vandenberg made a speech.

It was the kind of humbug that passes for oratory in Congress—and it struck all who heard it as bad taste. The reporters walked out on it.

Vandenberg was shocked and awakened. There was evidently more in the world, after all, than partisan politics. From then on, the Vandenberg legend grew rapidly. There is a bandwagon psychology among both politicians and reporters in Washington. If, for example, the leading newspaper should place a halo on any congressman's head, this becomes a kind of fashion. Senator Vandenberg is now so widely regarded with reverence that he is discussed more and more often as the compromise Republican nominee for President. The Senator is aware of the talk. But he regards it with a rare objectivity. He has none of the eagerness of Governor Dewey or Harold Stassen nor the galloping determination of Bob Taft. Vandenberg is willing to accept the nomination or let it alone. But in his heart of hearts, he prefers to let it alone.

There was an illuminating incident late one afternoon in the Senate Office Building. Vandenberg was returning to his office from a great triumph, his eloquent, moving speech on Czechoslovakia. As he rode the elevator from the Capitol subway he seemed lost in a kind of reverie. The elevator operator, a humble little

man, said glowingly: "Senator, would sure like to have you as the President. And I know a lot of people that feel the same way."

Vandenberg stared thoughtfully at the operator and almost in a whisper replied, "I really don't want the job."

Arthur Vandenberg has thought this all out a thousand times. He has a sure thing now. He is the elder statesman, standing aloof from the little wars and mud-slinging of partisan politics. His place in history is assured. He is doing exactly what he enjoys and what fits his talents. But if he were to jump into the general dog fight, the lofty Vandenberg legend might be destroyed. If he were elected President he would be dragged into all manner of arguments and forced to make decisions. The easy, pleasant life of a senator, the adulation due statesman Vandenberg, would become a memory.

And yet, there is The Great Temptation, to be President of the United States. Arthur Vandenberg is in the position of one who knows the damnations of seduction full well but is honest enough with himself to be unable to forecast his actions when the great moment arrives.

—48—

*The flowering of a legend: As a bipartisan molder of U.S. policy, Vandenberg sits contentedly in the ornate Grande Salle des Conferences of the Luxembourg Palace during the 1946 Paris Conference on peace treaties.*







# THE EYES OF A *Stranger*

THE TWO SMALL packages had come in the mail at half past eleven and Leslie had fetched them up to the house, but she hadn't opened them yet. That was a pleasure to postpone. The dishes from her own lunch and that of the two children were piled untidily on the drainboard by the sink, along with the double-boiler and the utensils used to get breakfast. She ought to do the washing up now before she opened the packages, there was still so much to do. She hadn't made the children's beds or set their room to rights, nor hers and Edgar's, and this room needed attention. She had sat in the sun all morning with the children, and the hours had evaporated like dew.

If I fly at it, she thought, it'll take only about an hour, and then I can open the parcels and have some fun.

She went to the door and looked out at the spring day. The sunlight rayed down through the evergreens; and across the river and its perpetual hurried rumble among rocks, the Pacific dogwood was in full bloom. The sun was hot and the dry air of Oregon was sweet with the scent of pine needles and new



green of leaves. It was hard to stay indoors for any reason. The day smelled of love.

The children, safely confined in the chicken-wire pen that Edgar had built for them, were happily occupied, Leslie saw. Eloise was wrestling with the black Labrador puppy and the red of her play suit was brilliant under the sun. Georgina was squatted down digging a hole and very carefully putting the earth from it into the hole she had dug yesterday.

"Hi!" Leslie called to them.

Georgina called "Hi!" without looking up, and Eloise said, "Look at us, Mom. Look at us!"

"Be good," Leslie said.

They were being good, so she didn't have to worry about them. Life was simple here and it was lonely too, but it was an awful lot easier than the years when she had batted around from one part of the United States to another to follow Edgar's long army career as a plain GI. Sometimes the business of living in assorted little city or small town rooms, with a trunk for your main piece of home, was grim, and the job of caring for babies a continuous struggle. Even when block life provided you with plenty of company, you had problems to match. Here you simply put the children in the pen and let them take care of themselves. They were fat and well and they didn't fight each other too much and anyway, a little fighting did no harm.

Leslie went indoors again and she got to work. She made the beds and neated up both the bedrooms. She half picked up the combination living room-kitchen-pantry, and she threw out the wild flowers that had wilted in the two glass vases. She washed the dishes and the pans. Then she made a casserole for her supper and Edgar's, and she put that in the oven. It was half past two when she was finished, and the room still seemed untidy.

She took another look outside, saw the children were all right, decided not to bother to pick more flowers. Who was

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**Christopher La Farge** left a career in architecture in 1932 to become a novelist, poet, and short story writer. He likes fishing, but is spending more and more of his time presiding over '48's Board of Directors.

there except herself to notice them? Edgar never did. He saw only what he was working on and nothing else. He was extraordinary that way. The room could be a litter of magazines and papers and unwashed dishes and children's droppings and he'd never see it. He'd come in, wash, eat, and go to work on the fishing tackle. No smallest defect in that escaped him, and there was nothing he couldn't mend or make for it. It was wonderful to watch him tie a fly, his great red hands so deft and precise; or to see him hold in his big fingers the tiny parts of a reel he had disassembled, and fit them perfectly together again.

Out of doors, too, Edgar saw everything: the weather, the amount of wind, the progress of the wild flowers, the smallest bird, the state of the river, the minutest flies hatching on the water. He'd see these things and he'd often mention them, and there seemed nothing he couldn't name. But that was, all of it, what he was doing, like mending a reel; he was a guide and the outdoors was his business.

HE FELT IT would be hard to say how much he noticed her. He so rarely seemed to see her enough to want to say anything about it, though if you asked him a question, you always got a direct and intelligent answer. He'd look at you, briefly and with a wholly observant look, and report, and then that was over. If her hair was sloppy, or she had forgotten to make up her face, or had let her hands go, or wore a dirty dress or housecoat, he'd never mention it, and it was possible he never saw it. And yet there were those rare and wonderful moments when he looked at you, really looked at you, and his face would break out into that surprising smile that seemed to be wholly himself expressed, and you knew that he still loved you. They should come more often, those moments, she thought. I need them.

She looked around the big room and she saw that the dishes and pans were clean, that the soiled glass vases were empty, that there was nothing on the floor except the rug. She shut her mind to the fact that the scrap-basket overflowed with paper and rubbish, that her sewing basket spilled half its contents

onto the sofa, that the children's comic books were scattered over both the armchairs, that the curtains in the south window were torn and a little soiled, that the fireplace was full of trash not yet burned, that the spiders had made webs on the ceiling in three places. She saw only that the two little parcels on the table by the door were waiting for her, and (through the window) that the children were happy in the spring sunlight.

She opened the packages and let the wrappings drop on the sofa. One of the packages contained a bottle of Trushay Before-hand Lotion. The other was a new nail polish, called "Slightly Dangerous," that she had seen advertised in a women's magazine. The color of it enchanted her. it was like the color of Eloise's dress in the sun, but there was really nothing infantile about it. Looking at the other bottle she wished she had opened it and used it on her hands before she did the dishes; that was what it was for. She rubbed one hand over the other. They were dry and slightly roughened and her nails were too long and had no polish on them at all.

Suddenly she looked down at her spotted housedress and saw the spots, and she turned and looked at herself in the little mirror near the fireplace. She noticed then what a mess her hair was, and how unkempt she looked—depressingly so—with no make-up at all, not even much lipstick left from the quick job of the morning. But I'll fix all that, she said to herself, and she picked up the nail polish and the lotion and went into the bathroom. She had given herself over now wholly to what she was going to do.

**I**T WAS A GOOD-SIZED BATHROOM and its contents and condition were so familiar to her that she had no need to see them. There was the tub with its shower curtains of translucent material. On the four towel bars hung the dirty towels, unfolded, and five pairs of her stockings, two brassieres, and a pair of pants. The door of the medicine cabinet stood open to reveal its interior packed solidly with little bottles and jars. The wash-bowl was crusted with its dried toothpaste and shaving soap. On the floor were bobby pins and face tissues. The roll of toilet



paper, on the bathroom scales, had come unwound and the end was wet and stuck to the floor.

The big shelf by the window and the wide sill of the window were completely covered with Edgar's razor and soap and brush and hair brushes, and with assorted jars, bottles, boxes of face tissues, boxes of powder. There was some Nivea Skin Oil, Ardena Special Eye Lotion, and Velva Cream, a jar of Mum, a bottle of Odo-ro-no, a jar of Apple Blossom Deodorant. There was a jar of Albolene, a box of Covermark, some Liquid Sunshine, a Softol Cuticle set, Kreml Shampoo, and Lavalon Hair Rinse. There was a box of Tip-Top curlers and Frances Denny's Neck Blender, "Covers you in glamour wherever you show." There was Bourjois' Evening in Paris face powder and lipstick and rouge, and a bottle of *mais Oui* perfume next to another bottle of Cobra. There were some mascara and some blue pencils for the eyes, and Helena Rubinstein's Minute Hair Remover and Herbal Skin Lotion next to some Nutrine deodorant pads and a bottle of hydrogen peroxide.

There was hardly place to put the two new additions.

One of the towels had fallen into the ringed bathtub, and she hung it loosely over its rack and set to work. She took off her housedress and she shoved it into the dirty-clothes hamper, already full. Then she began the job of making herself look lovely. It took a long time.

She put her hair in curlers. She made up her eyes and her eyebrows and her face and her lips and her neck. She worked on her hands with the new lotion and she filed and painted her nails and then (because she intended to wear the red open-toed sandals and no stockings) she shaved her legs and made up her toenails with the same polish. Then she did her hair and she wished she'd had time to give it a rinse, to bring out the red lights in its brownness. When she left the bathroom it was as it had been except for one or two more face tissues on the floor and a good dusting of powder over everything.

Leslie put on the rayon pajamas she had bought in San Francisco, the ones with the black trousers and the green frogged jacket, and she wore the red sandals. Going back into

the bathroom, she looked at herself in the long mirror on the door, and she saw that she looked lovely, that all she had done was good and successful, and she felt a lightness and a power come over her so that when she left the bathroom she had to go out of doors at once because only there was there some other human being to see her and be affected by her.

**W**HEN SHE OPENED the door, the two women and Edgar were standing there on the porch.

Down by the river she could see Edgar's two boats made fast to trees, and Paul Franden, who helped Edgar with the fishing parties, was sitting by them with two men, each holding his fishing rod.



"Hello, Les," said Edgar. "This is Mrs. Garnett and Miss Trepner. They'd like to come in a minute—you don't mind." He turned to the two women. "My wife," he said.

As she said hello to them, Leslie looked them over. The one called Mrs. Garnett wore gray slacks and a canvas fishing jacket, and Miss Trepner wore dungarees and a leather wind-breaker. They were young and pretty, both of them, and they looked like sisters, and both had blond hair rather simply waved, and neither wore a hat. Mrs. Garnett had on dark glasses, but Leslie could tell she was looking her over just as hard as Miss Trepner was.

She felt the sense of power and lightness rise within her, and she was happy she had taken so much trouble to look as she





knew she did, against this unexpected visit. "You have a lovely place here, really lovely," said Miss Trepner.

"Absolutely beautiful," said Mrs. Garnett. "Are these your children, Mrs. Sandry?"

"Yes," said Leslie. She let her glance go over to the children and leave them and take in the slant sun coming now just over the trees of the opposite riverbank. It was beautiful and it was theirs: hers and Edgar's, and the children's. "Won't you come in?" she said.

As she said it she suddenly remembered the state of the living room, and all that she had seemingly not noticed before (the magazines and the papers and the trash), she recalled now vividly.

"Thank you," said the two women.

Leslie stood aside with a small gesture and let them pass her into the house.

"I'll wait here for them," said Edgar. "With the kids."

"O.K.," Leslie said. She followed the women into the house and closed the door. Mrs. Garnett and Miss Trepner were standing in the middle of the room, looking it over.

"I didn't get around yet to picking some flowers for the vases," said Leslie. "You took me sort of by surprise."

"It's such a fine room," said Mrs. Garnett politely. "And what a view!" She pointed out the south window. "I do envy you this place."

"It's nice," Leslie said, seeing the tear in the curtains. "It's sort of lonely here, not many neighbors, but we like it. It's good for the kids."

"I'll bet it is," said Mrs. Garnett. "We live in a city, New York. It's wonderful to come out here and see places as beautiful as this. I wonder, Mrs. Sandry, if we could use your bathroom?"

"Surely," Leslie said. "Right here."

She started for the door, but she stopped.

"I'll get you some clean towels," she said and she went toward her bedroom.

"Don't bother," Miss Trepner said.

"No trouble at all," said Leslie.

AS SHE FISHED OUT THE TOWELS from the closet in her room, she became conscious of the state of the bathroom. It was then as if the two women had gone in with her and had pointed out to her, item by item, its filth, its appalling state. She hadn't noticed it before, she thought. Not at all. Not till now. Edgar wouldn't have noticed it, either, nor the children. But now, and suddenly, she recalled it, detail by detail, and she didn't know what to do about it.

Coming back to the other room with the two towels, she said, "I'll just put the bathroom to rights for you."

"Oh, please!" said Mrs. Garnett. "Please don't."

Leslie realized then, with a sense of being caught in an insoluble dilemma, how long it would take to straighten up the room properly. Without speaking, she handed over the towels and Mrs. Garnett took one and went into the bathroom and shut the door.

"Your children look so well," said Miss Trepner. "So fat and pink."

With an effort Leslie pulled her mind out of the bathroom and answered. "Yes," she said. "They thrive here. It's a healthy place."

They talked on this subject until Mrs. Garnett came out, though Leslie had no recollection later of what they had said. Then Miss Trepner entered the bathroom and closed the door.

"I suppose living at this distance from a shopping center, you have to keep all sorts of stocks on hand, don't you?" Mrs. Garnett asked.

"Well, sort of," said Leslie. "Though it's only half an hour by car to Bluefield and that's got pretty good shops."

"Oh," said Mrs. Garnett. "I see. It was just that I thought maybe it'd be easier to keep what you needed on hand, out here in the country, instead of having to fetch things all the time. It's a lovely location here."

"Yes," said Leslie. She knew what this woman was talking about and she didn't like it. "Won't you sit down a minute?"

"Oh, no, thanks," Mrs. Garnett said. "We've been sitting down all day in the boats. It's good to stand."

When Miss Trepner came out, Leslie watched their faces to

see if their expressions betrayed anything, but they didn't. That was almost worse than if they had. You were forced to imagine what they'd thought, seeing that bathroom immediately after this living room.

"Thank you," said Miss Trepner.

"We're ever so much obliged," said Mrs. Garnett. "Come along, Elsie. We mustn't keep Mrs. Sandry any longer."

"Oh, that's O.K.," said Leslie. "There's lots of time." In her mind the words echoed uncomfortably. If there was so much time, why then was the house like this? But as she thought it, she began to feel angry. What business was it of theirs, anyway, how she kept her house? They gave no notice of their coming, did they? Just walked in, suddenly. And Edgar didn't care about the mess, or what cosmetics she bought or kept, so . . .

"We'll be keeping our men waiting," said Mrs. Garnett, "and you know how they hate that! They still want to fish. Thanks again, a million." She moved to the door and opened it and Miss Trepner followed her. In a moment they were all three outside.

"Thanks, ever so much," said Miss Trepner. "Good luck."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Garnett.

"So long," said Leslie. "Come again."

The two women waved to her and went down the steps of the porch and across the little strip of lawn and took the path toward the boats, where Paul and the two men waited. Leslie watched them go, arm in arm, their heads together, and she could almost hear what they were saying, and she felt angry all over again.

Just then Edgar turned away from the two kids and he said, "So long, chicks," and he came up to the porch.

"Jesus, Les," he said, "you look sweet."

He smiled at her—the smile that was all of himself—and then he too turned and followed the others to the boats.

The anger left her, and Leslie felt warm all over. In a minute, she said, after I've blown him a kiss good-by, I'll go in and look at myself again. He noticed me. He saw. Did he see the toe polish too, she wondered?



# The Ballyhoo Boys

Public Relations Counselors are the hidden voices that save, make, or break some of our best reputations—for a tidy fee

ACCORDING to the best information available, the first public relations job was done by a serpent on behalf of a lady and the product of her apple tree. She had a commodity to move and certainly the serpent's representations apocalyptically moved it. Up until a very few years ago the serpent's technique would still have been regarded by his successors in the art of ballyhoo as imaginative, forceful, and valid.

The modern Park Avenue public relations counsel, however, would now point out at least three grave flaws in that historic promotional operation. In the first place, the female client, instead of acquiring a reputation for being the author of the Fall of Man, should have been built up as a Public Universal Friend; the product, far from inheriting its sinister symbol-

ism, should have won at least a National Safety Council Award; and, most important, the name of the one who swung the deal should have remained forever unknown—except to a few other serpents. (Presumably the consumer would have come out about as he did in the first place.)

If anyone thinks this criticism is mere carping, let him give heed, as we shall, to the lives and times of the Messrs. Carl Byoir, Edward Bernays, Benjamin Sonnenberg, and Earl Newsom, the Big Four of present-day public relations. And let him glance at some examples of really high-style p.r. work:

*Example 1.* The management of a vast utility empire, whose board chairman had long been regarded as a monolith of industry, was so suddenly overturned last year that the boys literally don't yet know

what hit them. What hit them was one lawyer, one private banker, and one New York public relations man. A young capitalist paid this trio \$150,000 to do the job (split equally three ways) and it was done in less than six months. The lawyer handled the paper work. The banker quietly picked up less than one-tenth of one per cent of the corporation's stock. The p.r.c. found where the corporate body was buried—and a very exposed body it was: the company had not paid a common stock dividend in more than a decade—and then let the stockholders, press, and public know about it.

The rest is Wall Street history. The proxies rolled in and the old management rolled over to make room for a few new directors. It's safe to say that the public relations man did the most to earn his \$50,000. True to his craft's traditions, he doesn't mind competitors, prospects, or friends in the press knowing about his part in the deal. But publicly he would deny it.

*Example 2.* A few years earlier, a very big industrialist erected a sizable office building in Manhattan, with the two top floors designed as an apartment for an international playgirl he admired. He might as well have proposed to keep her in a tent on Central

Park Mall. His p.r.c. dissuaded him from this senile folly, and so gracefully that he made the public relations man a member of his corporation's board. Today, all of the directors of the company are in *Who's Who* except the p.r.c., who possibly saved the entire company's bacon.

So goes what its practitioners like to call "the youngest profession." There are at least two universities (Colgate and Cornell) that attempt to instruct their students in its mysteries; the "March of Time" has recently released a film on the subject; and the total amount spent annually on public relations in the United States has been estimated, perhaps over-enthusiastically, at a billion dollars.

The present high priests of the business, however, did not learn their trade in anybody's college. There are only about half a dozen of them, all located in New York, and they of course do not control the spending of all of that money. Most of it is disbursed by junior departments of ad agencies or by simple, old-time, serpent-style press agents. But the handling of gross sums of money does not, itself, qualify one for membership in the little clique that jealously guards the exclusiveness of the title of Public Relations Counselor. To them the encroachments of the advertising agencies are not only clumsy but passé. Press agents they regard as noisy un-

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**Frank Norris** was for years an editor of *Time*, producer of the radio *March of Time*, and editorial writer for *Life*.

chables. Public Relations Coun-  
or Newsom of Ford, for in-  
nce, goes to some pains not to  
confused with Press Agent Steve  
hagan of Miami Beach.

There would indeed seem to be  
ertain distinction between their  
ctions. The self-appointed elite  
public relations—the few who  
overturn directorates, change  
unct lawyers into national he-  
es, and shine up discredited  
tional institutions—these have  
manifestly thrown away the loud  
g in favor of the quiet tip, the  
n's horn for the cunning whis-  
r. These are the hidden voices  
t vicariously murmur in your  
and mine as we read our break-  
t newspaper and our evening  
gazine. The recent history of  
r trade accounts for their  
thods and personalities.

So far as simple ballyhoo goes,  
nineteenth century belongs to  
rnum. His elemental subter-  
ges pale a bit, however, when  
e comes to his legitimate heir in  
r own century, Mr. Harry Reich-  
bach. In his illuminating autobi-  
graphy, Reichenbach candidly re-  
als how as a carnival spieler he

devised an oration so moving that,  
as the high diver ascended to his  
perch, the gaping customers were  
utterly unaware that their pockets  
were being picked. A line of suck-  
ers—so went the impious rubric of  
that day—is a pitchman's rosary.  
It is a motto that in our time has  
changed only in size and degree.

Reichenbach's specialty was  
publicizing the new-born film in-  
dustry. Just about all of the met-  
ropolitan press fell for his brum-  
magem mission of Turks who sud-  
denly showed up to search for a  
fugitive royal virgin (title of pic-  
ture: *Virgin of Stamboul*), his  
fake shooting (with blank car-  
tridges) of Wallace Reid's father,  
and the explosion of a fairly harm-  
less bomb he had sent to Francis  
X. Bushman. How differently are  
movie personalities promoted now-  
adays. A Park Avenue p.r.c. has  
just received his fourth annual fee  
of \$75,000 for converting an unlet-  
tered old movie mogul into an  
Elder Statesman of the Industry.

This national vulnerability to  
high-level manipulation of public  
opinion came in with George  
Creel, the Denver newspaperman

Drawings by Laszlo Roth







who parlayed his post as Woodrow Wilson's court jester into a position as Director of Public Information in World War I. Creel employed for this work old carnival barkers like Reichenbach, but—and here was his greatest contribution to his art—he also encouraged brilliant youngsters like Byoir, Bernays, and Sonnenberg.

In this refinement and expansion of ballyhoo, there were sometimes embarrassing signs of growing pains. In the twenties, a large pencil company's publicity man was struck with the blinding revelation that there must be many precious items—lead pencils, for instance—for want of which the snowbound citizens of Nome were perishing. And so it came to pass that suddenly the heart of the

whole United States began to bleed for Nome. Somewhere along the line the project became somehow involved with the idea that Nome was also in the throes of a diphtheria epidemic. So serum, instead of pencils, got the play, and Balto, the lead-dog of the serum sled, is now immortalized in bronze in Central Park, a triumph of some sort of justice.

Bravura as the foregoing may seem, it reveals a certain raffish grandeur. The late Ivy Lee had meantime brought the business a whale of a lot of dignity by his handling of the Rockefellers, a quality, incidentally, handed down to his son James, who so dazzled the press during the recent wedding of Winthrop Rockefeller and his Bobo that it took the wily





Hearst papers to comb out the  
ry of that interesting romance.  
But there must be times when  
the masters of the newer and  
erker tradition as Byoir, Ber-  
rs, Sonnenberg, and Newsom  
k back a little wistfully to the  
ws of publicity's Middle Ages,  
en every client didn't demand  
be presented as a Moral Spokes-  
n and it was not necessary for  
ery company to be eternally de-  
aded against the pressures of la-  
e, government, and enlightened  
blic curiosity. Each of the Big  
ur has had to develop his own  
hniques and personality to con-  
m to the newest conditions.  
Carl Byoir, *doyen* of the corps,  
s developed the specialty of  
aking people look good in pub-  
. It was he who prevailed upon

Howard Hughes, who had never  
before shown any great talent for  
being America's Sweetheart, to  
stand up to the Brewster Commit-  
tee in the role of embattled patriot,  
a performance so successful that,  
as Hughes subsequently broadcast,  
he never knew he had so many  
friends. Byoir's talent for adeptly  
casting his clients in popular parts  
is soundly backed by his friend-  
ship with the press, which he has  
built up over many years by giving  
the best junkets in the business.  
Nevertheless, he is known as the  
Tommy Farr of his calling, for it  
has often looked as if he were not  
going to get up from the canvas  
with his professional reputation  
intact. And yet he always does.  
Eyebrows were raised when he  
bought the *Havana Post* and be-



came the loudspeaker for Cuba during the regime of Dictator Gerardo Machado. But Byoir smilingly survived Machado's ousting.

Then Byoir found himself in the employ of the late Henry L. Doherty, oil man who named his company Cities Service, with a capital "S." Byoir promoted, under the nominal sponsorship of Doherty, the President's Birthday Balls, thus making *both* Doherty and Byoir look good. Byoir around the same time was sued (unsuccessfully) under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act for his part in promoting the A. & P. chain stores, and was later accused of doing press-agent work for Hitler in the United States (a charge of which he was subsequently exonerated.) These temporary adversities may have occasionally made Byoir wish he were back at his old job of hawking a proprietary medicine, called Nuxated Iron. But perhaps all that such unhappy events really prove is that any p.r.c. at times risks embarrassment from the company he keeps. Byoir's present clients include, besides Hughes, Schenley, Ever-sharp, and Libby-Owens.

Edward L. Bernays, in his younger days, was associated with Byoir in promoting the independence of Lithuania. But Bernays originated his distinguishing angle all by himself. It was something known as the principle of Group Leadership. You devise some flat-

tering means to get the social bellwethers of the community coming your way, and the rest of the sheep will follow. The earliest example of this Bernays technique was sprung to sell Brioux's *Damaged Goods*, a French play concerned with the need for plain speaking about the perils of syphilis. Bernays promoted the Sociological Fund, membership in which cost four dollars and entitled the member to a ticket to the show. The city's socialites, if not its sociologists, subscribed, and the rank and file copied them in droves.

Bernays is a nephew of Sigmund Freud, and as such is probably, by blood at least, the nearest thing to a psychologist in the narrow ranks of ruling public relations counsels. According to John T. Flynn, he believes in the psychological precept that the crowd mind is less intelligent than the individual mind and that emotional states are contagious. Bernays' original methods, at any rate, were refreshingly oblique. To promote Ivory Soap he evolved national soap-sculpture contests. To promote Kelvinators he caused the whole field of refrigeration to be examined by a commission of notables. But perhaps his neatest coup was getting Thomas A. Edison's picture on a U. S. postage stamp to celebrate the electric light companies' "jubilee."

Nowadays Bernays has gone a point or so further away from the



nd, advertising "impartial appraisals" to "*measure* your public relations activities." The older day seemed so much more fun.

Not long ago Benjamin Sonnenberg, the most sybaritic of the Big Four, purchased the Gramercy Park house that for some years he had rented. The premises include one of the few private movie projection rooms in town, and here Sonnenberg furthers his business by conducting a salon where industrialists from Akron get a glow from meeting people like Truman Capote and Gypsy Rose Lee. It is perhaps not without significance that the building was once owned by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, leader of the "400"; then by David Lamar, the Wolf of Wall Street"; and afterward by William C. Bullitt. For Sonnenberg is an interesting mixture of exquisite, plunger, and diplomat. His offices—full of brass sea-coal grates and oversize Adams furniture—make the celebrated working quarters of Mr. William Paley of CBS look like a nursery.

It was Sonnenberg's dashing imagination that turned the nation's bowling alleys into reasonably fashionable resorts and, more impressive, it was he who persuaded Eleanor Roosevelt to go in the air for a brand of arch-saving shoes. He must, admittedly, have something. What he has is a restless, if superficial, curiosity about what is going on, plus an unrivaled acquaintanceship among

the nation's writers. Since editors, writers, and readers would, respectively, rather schedule, write, and read an "up-beat" story (*i.e.*, one of constructive approval) than a down-beat one, and since Sonnenberg is quite good at pointing out interesting facts about his clients' up-beat side, his is a happy and thriving trade. At any rate, Pan American Airways, Sperry Gyroscope, Philip Morris, and others have long been content with his ministrations in their behalf.

The man who passes most nearly for a philosopher among the Big Four is Earl Newsom, a former book publisher who writes and talks a lot. His two top retainers are, to be sure, sombre and impressive—Ford and Standard Oil. He was recently the author of such revealing statements as "Companies cannot have good reputations without deserving them," and, "It is sometimes more difficult to interpret the American people to a company's management than it is to interpret the company to the American people."

Somewhere within the periphery of such thoughts lies the p.r.c.'s major problem. He has, in fact, two problems.

In the days when corporations were tightly-held principalities, the owner-managers needed very little to bolster their egos; and interpretation be damned. If by chance they were plagued by some doubt that their libidos were not

completely fulfilled they could buy an art collection or give the community a library. The hired managers of our present American economy haven't the money for that sort of gesture. Their only compensation is to gain public esteem by some less expensive means—by being made an ambassador, for example, or the czar of a hospital drive—and a lot of hard work by the p.r.c. goes into this phase of almost any account.

The other phase of the work is even harder and entails the job of gaining what in the jargon of the modern p.r.c. is called "the consent of the consumer." For in spite of everything, the American people are getting smarter and harder to fool. "People," as Mr. Newsom delicately puts it, "will not stand still to be educated." More important, the gulf between industry and its leaders on the one hand and the mass of the population on the other grows wider every year and, in spite of all that the p.r.c. agencies can do, the two forces continually become more implacably and subtly opposed. In Woodrow Wilson's time there were no Leon Hendersons, no Walter Reuthers, no Consumers' Unions to prick at the bubble of capitalism. Faced with this kind of competition, Newsom and company clearly need all the invention and resource they can muster to the side of their employers.

From the client's point of view,

how effective a job do the p.r.c.'s do? Even among the princelings of the publicity trade there are individuals whom a moderately intelligent man might not be willing to take seriously. But on the other hand, if you are in the position of hiring a mouthpiece for yourself and company, perhaps you don't care what even a moderately intelligent man might think of him. The point then is: Can the mouthpiece deliver the goods? The answer of the p.r.c. is that a large number of able businessmen and productive concerns either have used high-powered publicity men for years or have set up their own public relations staffs.

It's a pretty good answer. And then there is all the evidence that publicity is a very successful billion-dollar business and that its manipulators have grown immeasurably in stature. But has the *heart* of the old barker really altered in the breast of the new? Has the act essentially changed? The outside observer is at least entitled to a mild skepticism.

I have before me an address delivered in the fall of 1946 by Mr. Newsom before a Standard Oil convention. I hope it is not unfair to quote the gist of his conclusion, which is nothing less than a five-point précis of up-to-date public relations. To wit:

"1. People must feel that the individual or institution making this statement or taking this action

ants the kind of thing they want. Brief that one by the phrase: *Going our way*. (All italics Mr. Newsom's.)

"2. . . . *Positive leadership*.

"3. People must feel that this institution is made up of the kind of human beings they like and admire . . . a fine crowd of fine people . . . *My kind of people*.

"4. . . . *Hopefulness*.

"5. Finally, people must feel that this individual or institution has its eye on the future. Brief this element by the phrase: *Toward a better world tomorrow*."

Reading Mr. Newsom's pay-off on his art as it is practised today, I could not help recalling a sunny afternoon many years ago when the courthouse square of my home town in Tennessee was visited by the Doc Ravenscroft. His satchel was filled with bottles of Ravenscroft's Golden Medical Discovery and he was accompanied by his monkey, "Peanuts," who later did a little trick behind the telegraph office for selected male spectators.

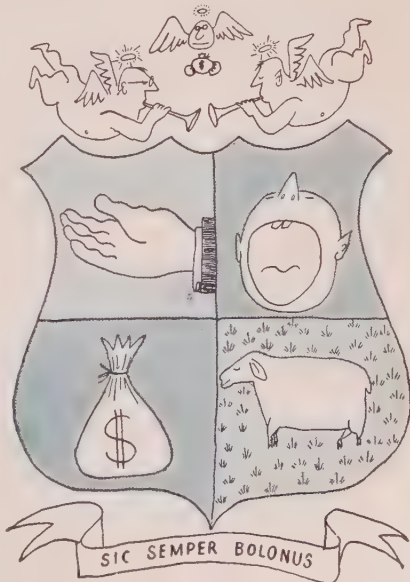
Again, I mean no injustice to Earl Newsom, but since I will always remember Doc Ravenscroft's opening announcement it was only natural that I should check its content against the touchstone of Mr. Newsom's public relations pentagone. As a result, I am beginning to edge a bit toward the ranks of those skeptics who wonder if ultra-modern publicity has progressed beyond its first historic principles

to the same extent that it has mechanically expanded its scope. Analyzed vis-a-vis Newsom's Five Points, here's the Doc's speech:

"The good people of Gallatin (*Going our way*) will thank the Almighty God that the great doctor from Arkansas (*My kind of people*) has come to their beautiful little city (*Positive leadership*). Now I have here a concoction of roots, herbs, barks, berries, and blossoms gathered from all parts of the world and blended into one efficacious whole (*Hopefulness*). No, no, brother! If you have a corn on your foot don't bother to take that shoe off—the Golden Medical Discovery cures right through the shoe (*Toward a better world tomorrow*)."

I think the Doc comes off rather well.

—12—



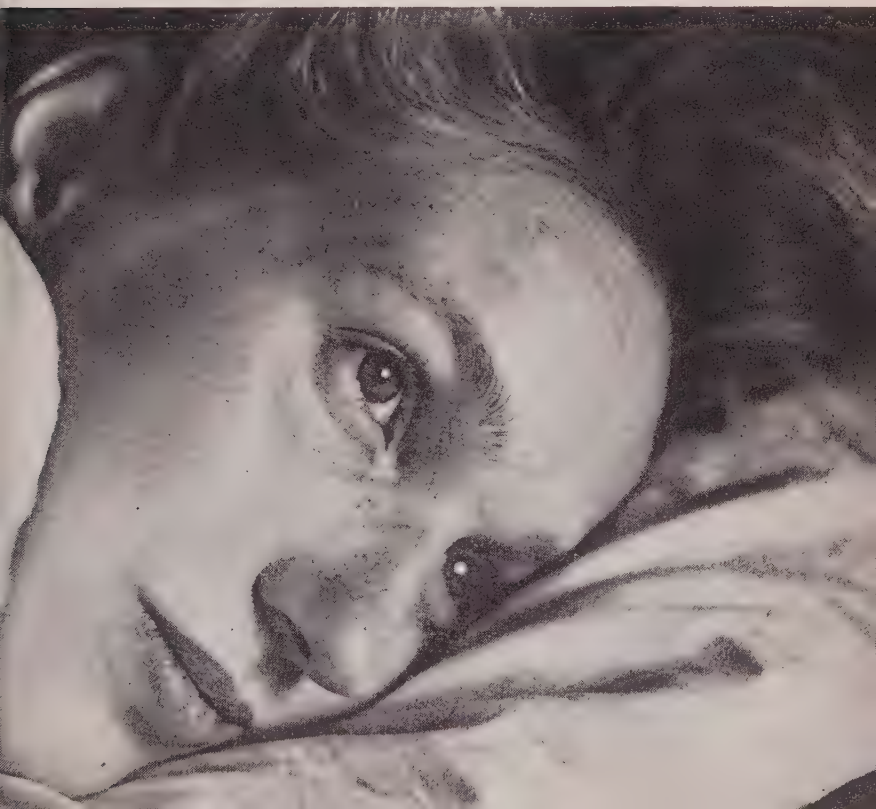


# The Beginning

*On the next seven pages, '48 publishes a sensitive, photographic study of the face of a woman in childbirth—an attempt, in the photographer's words, “to portray an aspect of daily living common to all people.”*

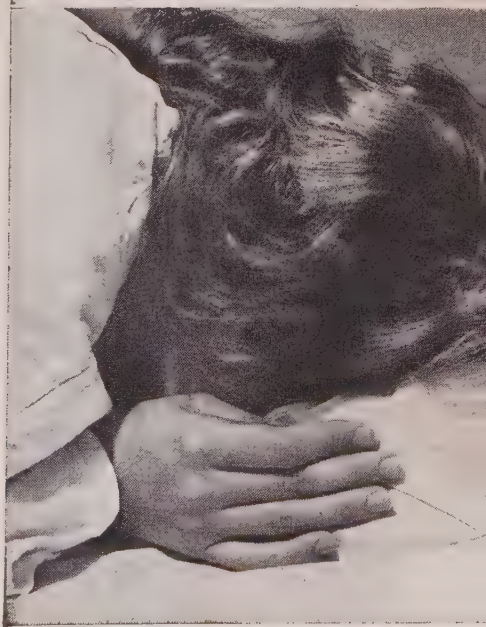
*The photographer, Wayne Miller, is a young Chicagoan who worked in the Naval Aviation Photographic Unit during the war. The woman is his wife, Joan; the event is the birth of their first child. Mr. Miller says: “Joan and I had planned these pictures for some time. I was not photographing my wife going through pain, but rather the moment we had both been looking forward to for the past nine months. Nothing to cry over, but rather the beginning of a new life . . . fresh and clean. The future being*

born. David Miller [see page 42] was born after six hours of completely normal labor, weight six pounds, twelve ounces." The pictures are here published for the first time. When they were exhibited at New York's Museum of Modern Art, the world-famous photographer, Edward J. Steichen, hailed them as having "the stature of an epic poem." Since the pictures tell the whole story, they are presented without captions.





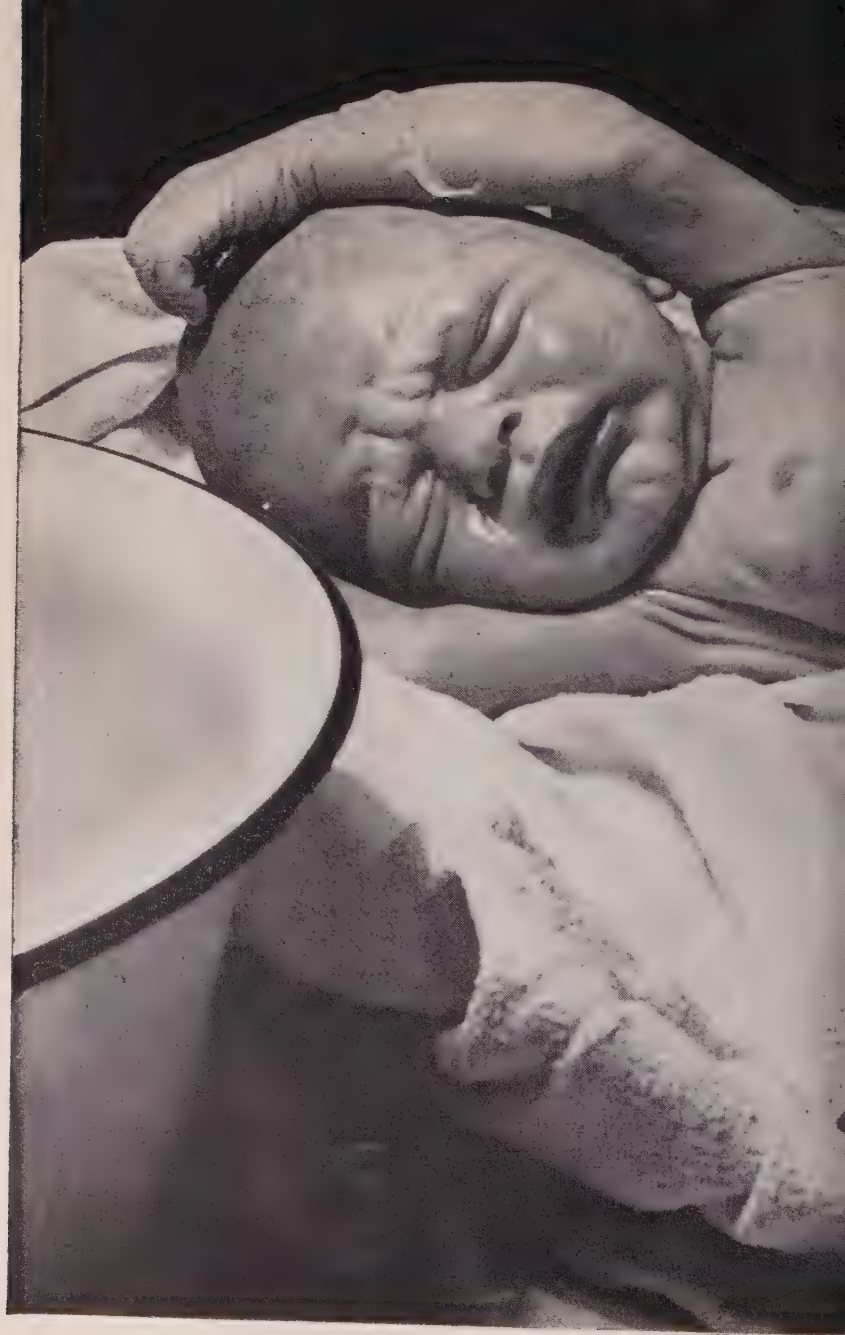














# POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

## Necessity or Nuisance?

The saga of democracy's Field Day, from Jackson to ? ?

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

A NATIONAL nominating convention of one of our great political parties is a phenomenon that is native and peculiar to the United States. What it resembles most, perhaps, is a gigantic sporting event with millions of spectators (the ordinary voters) in the stands, and teams of thousands of members (the party professionals) competing violently for the highest prize in the land. There are rules to the game, but they seem to exist only to be broken, and there is always plenty of slugging, gouging, and assorted rough stuff. Bands of local gladiators, each under the iron control of a statewide boss, change sides fre-

quently during the conflict. Foul play is usually forgiven, provided that it is not too conspicuous—and especially if it succeeds. The main thing, as in most American contests, is to win.

Foreign students of government have often expressed astonishment that Americans should choose their candidates for President in such a boisterous and haphazard manner. Lord Bryce, a British political scientist who attended a Republican convention in the 1880s, was sure that no good could come from the system.

"It goes without saying," he wrote in his famous critique, *The American Commonwealth*, "that

ch a meeting is capable neither  
 discussing political questions  
 and settling a political pro-  
 gramme, nor of deliberately  
 weighing the merits of rival aspira-  
 tions for the nomination. . . . For  
 an of wisdom and knowledge,  
 it seconded by a commanding  
 voice and presence, there is no de-  
 mand, and little chance of useful-  
 ness, in these tempestuous halls."  
 Even Walt Whitman, the good  
 lay poet of American democracy,  
 had his doubts about conventions.  
 One which he observed at first  
 and he wrote: "The members who  
 composed it were, seven-eighths of  
 them, the meanest kind of bawling  
 and blowing office-holders, office-  
 seekers, pimps, malignants, con-  
 tractors, murderers, fancy-men,  
 custom-house clerks, contractors,  
 apt-editors, spaniels well-train'd  
 to carry and fetch, jobbers, in-  
 fluentials, disunionists, terrorists,  
 mail-riflers, slave-catchers, crea-  
 tures of the President, creatures  
 would-be Presidents, spies,  
 flacks, compromisers, lobbyists,  
 longes, ruin'd sports, expell'd  
 rascals, policy-backers, monte-  
 bankers, duellists, [and] carriers of  
 conceal'd deadly weapons. . . ."  
 Yet Whitman had no patience  
 with those Americans who were  
 too fastidious to participate, either  
 directly or emotionally, in these  
 quadrennial party brawls. "It is  
 the fashion of a certain set to  
 despise 'politics,'" he remarked.  
 They look at the fierce struggle,





and at the battle of principles and candidates, and their weak nerves retreat dismayed from the neighborhood of such scenes of convulsion. But to our view the scene is always a grand one. . . .”

**O**UR POLITICAL party conventions have no basis in law or in the Constitution. They came into being to meet a popular demand, they operate by popular sanction, and they are regulated almost solely by popular habit. The Constitutional Fathers who organized our government in 1787 would certainly be most profoundly shocked if they could attend either the Republican or Democratic conventions of 1948.

Their original plan for choosing a President, as written in the Constitution, was for each state to name a group of “electors” who all met on a certain day and picked the lucky man. The Constitution carefully provided that the electors should meet and vote inside their respective states, the idea being, quite obviously, to prevent them from getting together and making political trades. Nor was any way provided for nominating candidates in advance. It was assumed that the electors would be men of great wisdom

and patriotism who would naturally choose the very best President available.

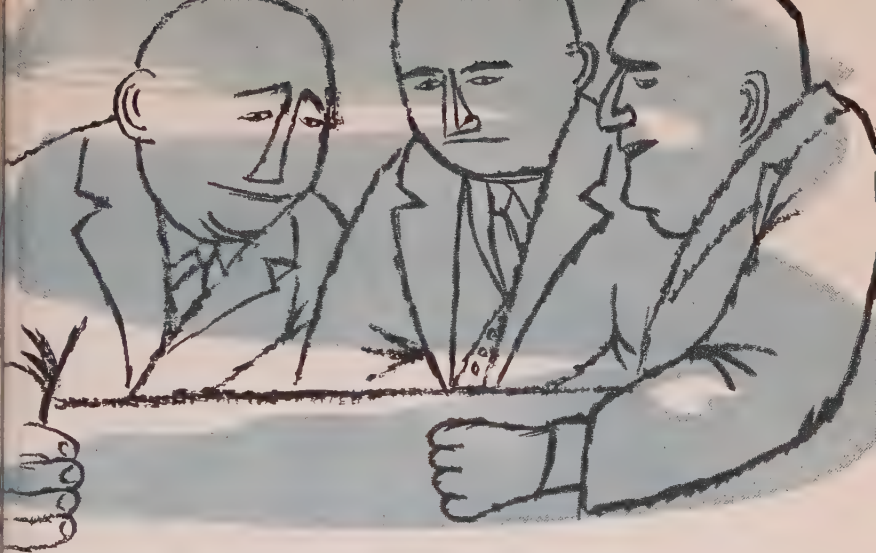
Nothing was said about electing the electors, either—this was left to the states themselves, and in most states, the legislatures took over the job. The nearest that a citizen could come to voting for a President, therefore, was to vote for a state legislator, who would vote some time later for an elector who would vote still later for a President.

**T**HE FIRST REVOLT against this complicated and undemocratic system came, not from the voters but from the professional politicians. They soon found that they could not entrust their interests to such a nebulous and transitory group as the College of Electors. To safeguard their tax-supported jobs and their growing party organizations, the politicians revived the celebrated caucus system, which had been prevalent in Revolutionary New England. The caucus was simply a group of party leaders who had enough influence to select a winning candidate, provided that they could all agree in advance. Between 1800 and 1824 every President of the U. S. was chosen by the congressional caucus of the Jeffersonian Republican Party, and the electors became mere figureheads who carried out the will of the caucus.

Meanwhile, “We the People”

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and also become restive. In some states they obtained the right to vote directly for electors, and thus came one step closer to voting for president. Elsewhere they held local and county meetings which they called "conventions," for the general purpose of making their opinions known and felt. The word "convention" had a distinctly revolutionary sound, incidental, for it was a Convention Parliament which had dethroned the English King Charles I, and it was another Convention which began the French Revolution. During the 1820s "King Caucus" went down to defeat at the hands of General Andrew Jackson, who was just beginning his political crusade on behalf of "the humbler members of society"—i.e., the common man. But it was an anti-Jackson

splinter group, the Anti-Masonic Party, that held the first national nominating convention in the United States.

It took place in Baltimore, in September 1831, attended by 113 delegates. Their purpose was to abolish Masonic lodges in America and especially to oppose the re-election of President Jackson, who was a Mason and made no bones about it. So they nominated for President the Hon. William Wirt, Esq., a former Attorney-General and a prominent foe of Jacksonism. Unfortunately, they overlooked the fact that Wirt was also a Mason!

One might think that such a blunder would have discouraged other parties from holding conventions, but such was not the case. Within a few months the Na-

tional Republicans (followers of Henry Clay and nucleus of the future Whig Party) held two conventions, one in Baltimore and one in Washington. The latter was confined to young men only, and was promptly dubbed by the opposition "Clay's Infant-School." It was the first national convention to draw up and officially adopt a party platform.

In the White House the shrewd "Old Hero," President Jackson, observed that the convention idea was popular, and that it fitted very well with his own idea of spreading political power among the masses. In 1832 he decreed a Democratic Party convention at which the principal business was the nomination of his personal choice, Martin Van Buren, for Vice President. His own name did not come up, for he and all the other Democrats simply assumed that he was renominated. At Jackson's insistence this convention adopted the two-thirds rule that was to plague Democratic conventions for more than a hundred years.

The next important convention was held by the Anti-Jackson

Whigs in 1839 in a new Lutheran Church in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. "It is a safe assertion," says one historian, "that never before or since has a house of God been the scene of so much and so adroit political maneuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency." Clay was the hero of the Whig rank-and-file, but the bosses of the party, and particularly Thurlow Weed of New York, wanted to eliminate him because he had antagonized some large blocs of voters. Thus the convention of 1839 became the first which was boss-controlled in the modern manner, and the first at which "availability" and the "unit rule" appeared. (An "available" candidate is one who has never been prominent enough or active enough to stir up large groups of enemies.)

In 1839 the most available Whig was General William Henry ("Old Tippecanoe") Harrison, an elderly hero of the War of 1812. He was nominated by the ruthless application of the new unit rule, which gagged the individual delegates, and permitted the chairman



of each delegation to cast all its votes. When the result was announced, one of Clay's supporters, John Tyler of Virginia, burst into tears. Boss Weed and his friends decided that if he felt that way he was just the man to reconcile Clay to the ticket, and so they nominated Tyler for Vice President. It led him eventually to the Presidency itself, for Harrison died after a month in office.

This is the only time on record that a man became President by crying in public.

The Democratic convention of 1844 contributed two new features: the first "deadlock," and the first "dark horse." The leading candidates were Van Buren of New York, who had a clear majority of the delegates but not two-thirds, and General Lewis Cass of Michigan. After they had battled it out for a number of ballots without a decision, someone brought up the name of James K. Polk of Tennessee, who was described quite simply as "the bosom friend of Gen. Jackson, and a pure, whole-hogged Democrat." On the next ballot Polk got forty-four votes, and on the one after that he swept the convention.

These early conventions were comparatively primitive affairs, conducted in small halls with no provision for the public, and inadequately reported by the newspapers. The first really modern

convention was held in May 1860 by the youthful "free-soil" Republican Party in Chicago, in a specially erected building called the Wigwag. It was the first convention at which crowds of spectators were allowed to outnumber and outshout the delegates, the first which was linked to all parts of the country by direct telegraph wires, and the first at which the various delegates paraded and stampeded with standards bearing the names of their states.

The galleries of the Wigwag were open only to "gentlemen accompanied by ladies," and this led to curious scenes. Bevy of school-girls clustered around the doorways, offering to accompany a gentleman to his seat for a quarter. Older girls, of more dubious character, were also present, and their services as escorts were much in demand. One of them made the trip to the gallery six times with six different gentlemen, and collected 50 cents each time. An Irish woman with a bundle of laundry and an Indian squaw selling moccasins on the sidewalk were also pressed into service.

The leading candidate for the presidential nomination was Senator William H. Seward of New York, who was represented by Boss Thurlow Weed, a brass band, and a thousand expert shouters and shovers led by the world-famous pugilist, Tom Hyer. The



Seward campaign relied heavily on noise, free liquor, and a general impression that his bandwagon could not be stopped.

"The New Yorkers here are of a class unknown to Western Republican politicians," wrote a Cincinnati newspaperman, Murat Halstead. "They can drink as much whiskey, swear as loud and long, sing as bad songs, and 'get up and howl' as ferociously as any crowd of Democrats you ever heard, or heard of. They are opposed, as they say, to being 'too d——d virtuous.'"

Seward's leading preconvention rival was Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. Because of the threatened deadlock between these two, a number of dark horses were also believed to have a chance: Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Edward Bates of Missouri, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and Benjamin Wade of Ohio. Of these, Bates and Cameron had more votes pledged, but Lincoln enjoyed the vocal support of practically every Republican resident of Chicago. The West had never had a President, and local pride demanded one.

To offset Seward's brilliantly uniformed bandsmen, who wore red plumes in their caps and paraded through the hotels playing *Oh, Isn't He a Darling?* the Lincoln managers sent out marching clubs of "Wideawakes," wearing



oilskin capes and carrying lighted kerosene torches over their shoulders. Other volunteer groups circulated among the delegates with wooden fence rails supposedly manufactured by the Illinois statesman during his pioneer youth. Homely stories of "Old Abe, the Rail-Splitter" were featured daily in the Chicago papers, while his "availability" and his "conservatism" on the slavery issue were stressed in quiet talks by his principal handlers.

The Illinois Republicans, as hosts of the convention, had charge of the seating arrangements, and they used this for Lincoln's benefit. The large Seward delegation from New York was pushed off into the farthest corner of the hall, while the crucial Pennsylvania delegates were sandwiched between

Illinois and Indiana, both loudly for Lincoln. On the night before the actual balloting, while the confident Seward cohorts were carousing on 300 free bottles of champagne supplied by Boss Weed, Lincoln's backers printed a large batch of counterfeit tickets and distributed them to the Chicago citizenry. The next day Seward's band marched and counter-marched through the streets, basking in the applause of the sidewalk crowds. But when they reached the Wigwam, they found, to their horror, that they could not get in. Their seats were filled with Lincoln rooters under the command of one Dr. Ames of Chicago, who had a larynx so powerful, according to local legend, that he could shout across Lake Michigan on a clear day. Using a white handker-



chief as a signal, the leather-lunged doctor led the Lincoln forces in a series of yells which impressed themselves forever on the eardrums of the delegates.

"Imagine all the hogs ever slaughtered in Cincinnati giving their death squeals together," wrote Halstead, "and you conceive something of the uproar...."

"The New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin delegations sat together and were in this tempest very quiet. Many of their faces whitened as the Lincoln *yawp* swelled into a wild hosanna of victory."

I HAVE DEALT at some length with the Lincoln convention of 1860 because Lincoln was one of our greatest presidents. Yet it required all the sharp tricks and hotel-room deals of his convention managers to win the nomination and start him on his way to the White House. The same thing could be said, of course, for Warren G. Harding in 1920, for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, or for Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. Sometimes the victory goes to the weak and corrupt; sometimes to the bold and great; sometimes to the merely "available."

The case of Harding and "the smoke-filled room" is a clear example of the way a well-bossed convention can create a President for whom there is no public demand whatever. The Republican situation prior to the 1920 conven-

tion rather strikingly resembled that of this year: there were two leading contenders for the nomination, from the East and the Middle West, and a third who was quite strong and had a predominantly liberal following. These three were General Leonard Wood of New York (the favorite, as Dewey has been this year), Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois, and Senator Hiram Johnson of California. Harding was only one of half a dozen dark horses. No one except his wife and his manager, Harry Daugherty, had any real conviction that he might be nominated. Harding himself thought the idea was ridiculous, and consented to go along only to increase his prestige inside Ohio.

A deadlock of the three leaders, plus clever handling of the convention by a handful of state bosses, who jammed through a recess before a serious fight could develop on the floor, created the conditions favorable to the selection of a dark horse. Harding was chosen for two reasons: first, he was handsome and looked like a President, and second, he had a long record as a faithful Republican hack who had always done exactly what the party leaders wanted him to. Both of these qualifications were discreetly urged in the right places at the right time by the assiduous Daugherty. The final decision was reached, as Daugherty had predicted months

fore to newspaper reporters, "in smoke-filled room at 2:11 A.M.," the Hotel Blackstone in Chicago. Among those who were present were the bosses and senators of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Massachusetts, Kansas, New York, and Ohio. They had enough delegates in their pockets to guarantee the nomination of Senator Harding on the floor.

THE SITUATION of Roosevelt in 1932 was different, for long before the Democratic convention was held he was the leading candidate. His huge majority in the New York governorship election of 1930 guaranteed that. Yet he had powerful enemies, headed by the redoubtable Al Smith, and there were other strong contenders in the field. And there was the two-thirds rule, which had dashed the hopes of many a Democratic favorite.

The first few ballots showed Tom Farley and the other Roosevelt bundlers that they must make some kind of deal to get over the two-thirds hump. And with perfect timing and finesse, they made it. In return for the votes of Texas and California, which were controlled by Jack Garner and his sponsor, William Randolph Hearst, they promised to make Garner the vice-presidential nominee. It was a typical piece of behind-the-scenes convention business, entirely legitimate, and

rather more smoothly carried out than most. On it F.D.R. rode into history.

There have been two occasions—and only two—in the last half century when a powerful personality has broken through the routine of a party convention and swept the bosses and delegates completely off their feet. It happened to the Democrats in 1896, and in 1940 it happened to the Republicans. The first occasion was more dramatic; the second more astonishing.

William Jennings Bryan was not a political unknown when he won nomination to the Presidency with a single speech. He had been a Nebraska congressman and candidate for senator, and a leading spirit among the "free silver" Democrats who captured control of their party's convention in 1896. On the afternoon of July 9, when his turn came to speak, the convention was a seething mob. Twenty thousand delegates and spectators were surging back and forth in Chicago's Coliseum, howling down every attempt at debate. The monetary plank was up for discussion, and no one had yet appeared to express the violent emotions of the free silver majority.

Then Bryan came forward—a young man with a large, florid face, white hands, and the manners of a country preacher. As he stood there, with a smile on his lips, and his hands clasped in a



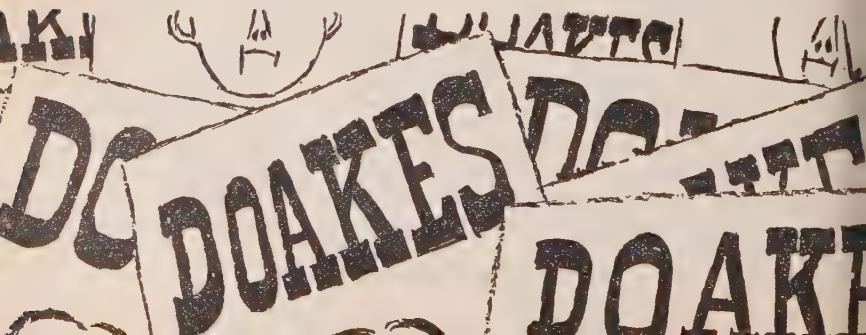
confident gesture, the tumult and the shouting died away; the delegates, in the words of one observer, "felt at once that indescribable, magnetic thrill which beasts and men alike experience in the presence of a master." What Bryan said in that famous speech was not new, but the way he said it was almost sublime. When he reached his finale—"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"—the 20,000 Democrats went completely mad with ecstasy. "They were like a trained choir," Bryan wrote in his autobiography.

Wendell Willkie could not match Bryan as an orator, but he was a master of newer techniques. A magazine article that he wrote for *Fortune* and a radio appearance on *Information, Please!* started the Willkie boom of 1940. The article was a plea to politicians to be kinder to business—"We, the people, say: business and industry are part of our daily lives; in hurting them you hurt us. Therefore, abandon this atti-

tude of hate and set our enterprise free." The radio appearance revealed his wit, intelligence, and personal charm.

It was this overpowering charm more than anything he said stood for, that won the nomination for Willkie in 1940. Six months earlier he had been known principally as the head of a billion-dollar utility firm fighting the TVA. In April the first Willkie for-President Clubs began to blossom in lower Manhattan. In May the Willkie publicity was submerging everything else in the magazines and newspapers and on the air. In June the galleries at the Philadelphia convention were filled with irrepressible amateurs chanting, "We want Willkie!" The politicians could not get rid of them—"We're the people!" they shouted.

Even so, experienced reporters called it a miracle when Willkie won on the sixth ballot from such Republican regulars as Taft, Dewey, and Vandenberg. There was organization behind the miracle, of course, plus Wall Street money in large amounts, plus the





unanimous support of great publishing enterprises that were themselves big business. But it was still a kind of miracle that a complete outsider could invade that great cave of the political winds—a national convention—and carry off the prize.

It is not likely to happen to any outsider this year.

**Y**ET GRANTING that miracles are rare, and that most conventions are boss-ridden from start to finish, is there any better way that we can nominate our future presidents? When one begins to consider the alternatives, the difficulties begin to make themselves evident. Certainly no one would expect the American democracy of the present day to go back to the cold, aristocratic methods intended by the Constitution's writers. Nor would anyone like to return to the selfish little oligarchy that called itself "King Caucus." During recent decades many states have required the parties to hold primary elections for delegates to their national conventions, thus giving the voters a slightly more direct part in the proceedings. But it cannot be said that this has changed conventions greatly. When the bandwagon starts to roll, the delegates climb aboard, whether they have been instructed or not.

The truth of the matter seems to be that our whole party system depends on something like a na-

tional convention every four years at which the thousands of active party workers can come together, shout, drink, play tricks, vote, stampede, and participate both physically and emotionally in common experience. Without some such concession to the bigness of the parties and the herd instinct of the human beings in them, a political party in America would be pretty much an abstraction.

A convention is, in fact, an excellent testing ground for skill vital to a democracy—the ability to organize, to manipulate and satisfy group interests, to bargain and, above all, the ability to compromise, which is also the art of bringing a measure of unity to a large and diverse collection of people. Viewed in this light, a national nominating convention is not a bad or inappropriate device for selecting a candidate for President. It does not always pick the best man, by any means, but it usually seeks the one who will create the most unity in the party and attract the most voters.

Certainly much can be done to improve our political parties, and to raise the level of intelligence and character of the people who run them. But that is up to "We the people." So long as we have different parties—and few Americans would say that they should be abolished—it is a rather safe bet that we will have conventions to choose our Presidents. —48—



# WITHOUT VENUS

By OLIVER St. JOHN GOGARTY

Cupid's dodges manifold  
 Far too often have been told;  
 And his mother, Venus' vapors  
 Overflow the daily papers:  
 I choose to sing the huddle  
 Love can make in pool and puddle  
 Where the goddess is unknown,  
 And her pestilential son.

Where the little protozoa  
 And their loves out-Noah Noah  
 Or they simply break in two;  
 When each half says, "I am you";  
 And before their love is done,  
 Every father is his son,  
 And (what fills me with more awe)  
 Grandpapa and son-in-law.

Where they feel not Cupid's dart,  
 Or they haven't got a heart:  
 What would be a heart with us,  
 With them is a nucleus.  
 False steps set them not at odds;

They are merely pseudopods  
 Into which they slip and bulge  
 When in love they would indulge;  
 This is why the Queen of Sheba  
 Can't compare with an amoeba.

When I ponder on a puddle,  
 And I think of all the muddle  
 Cupid makes, I wonder, here,  
 If they have not something there;  
 For they split themselves in two  
 Ere a lover comes to woo,  
 Yet increase and multiply  
 In the twinkling of an eye.

In their petty pristine state  
 None is illegitimate,  
 None unfaithful, none neglected;  
 Everyone is self-respected;  
 None maltreated, none coerced,  
 None deserted, none divorced—  
 All through doing hari kari  
 When they are disposed to marry!

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Oliver St. John Gogarty, Dublin surgeon and formerly Irish Free State senator,  
 best known to Americans as poet, critic, and a character in Joyce's *Ulysses*.



By O. ISTRIS

# TO THE CLASS OF '48

Prescription for post-graduate  
enroll in Survival I and II,  
while there's still time

*[This year's college graduating class will be the largest in history. Since Commencement Day is the traditional occasion for the old to exhort the young, '48 here presents again a formula for oratory, a condensed version of a noteworthy article of our first year: To the Class of '47, by O. Istris. If anything, the flight of 366 days has made this warning to youth all the more urgent. We believe readers will agree that it is a classic of its kind.—The Editors.]*

THIS IS Commencement Day—but whether the commencement of your mature flowering or the commencement of your decline and fall lies open to grave conjecture. Let that, sweet girl graduates and bright boy graduates, be the theme of my discourse.

You have learned that today the Roman scepter throws but a faint shadow across the dusty pages of your history books. You are aware that the body of feudalism,

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Drawings by John Taylor

ough it breathed for centuries, and not breathe forever. The edifices of all civilizations, however magnificent, contain in some corner a spare room enclosing a death bed. Yet few of us can seriously conceive our culture to be no less subject to mortality, just as no one, except the philosopher and the saint, really believes that he will die.

It is almost impossible, is it not, for you even to play with the possibility that, for some ages to come, yours may be the last generation of civilized Western man. Yet unless you play with that possibility and incorporate it into your thinking, you are unprepared for life. Unless you realize that you are part of a civilization which *during your own time* must either change or die, you are unprepared for life, and your college career has been a waste of effort and money.

Now it is time for me to repeat what all my equally platitudinous predecessors on this platform have always said: You are The Hope Of The Future.

What future?

Here is one *possible* (many say *probable*) future, sketchily outlined in three general statements:

1. A fairly large proportion of the world's children, women, and men, including those who by accident inhabit the planetary area roughly 30° N. by 50° N. latitude, 70° W. by 125° W. longitude, will

during the next decade or two die premature and unnatural deaths.

2. The technical and industrial base on which rest "advanced" peoples like ourselves will be gravely and perhaps fatally disrupted.

3. The system of ideas and incentives (call it Western Civilization) which is what *really* sustains us will be wrecked, to be replaced by a new system. This new system—which is as old as the Egypt of the Pharaohs, for it is merely tyranny in modern clothes—will offer the richest nourishment to two extreme types of living organisms: near-paranoiacs and human automatons.

Toward these three statements you may adopt one of three attitudes. First, you may reject them as absurd. Second, you may accept them with resignation or approval. Third, you may investigate them.

First, *you may reject the statements as absurd*. In that case you will endeavor to lead much the kind of life that our present culture holds out to you as desirable.

You are familiar with its main features: commercial competition; the accumulation of money, objects, and insurance policies; the pursuit of passive diversion (spectacle-sports, movies, radio); the attainment of respectability; the shunning of political activity together with a liking for political conversation; a preference for angle-figuring over rational thought;

respect for law, automatic gear-shifts, order, cleanliness, Mother, individual initiative, business, busyness, people like ourselves, and all successful folk, including cinema stars, radio comics, and political, industrial, and labor leaders with top-flight Neanderthal minds.

There is nothing harmful about this life, and I am far from deriding it. It is the one I have myself for many, many years been trying to lead. It is a life which, for all its absurdities, has hidden in it the seeds of freedom and ultimate decency. There is only one thing the matter with it: unless the evidence is false, you will not be allowed to live it much longer.

Second, *you may accept the statements with resignation or approval*. If you are resigned and your glands are on the quiet side, your cue is merely to drift along in a kind of mild coma. If you are resigned and your glands are lively, you will adhere to the philosophy of *carpe diem*, dancing your rumba at the foot of a volcano. If you should welcome these statements, not with resignation but with approval, you need have no fear of standing alone. There are quantities of people, known as realists, in all countries who have already in their minds written off one or more atomic and ultra-atomic wars to come. Generals have calmly accepted the prob-

ability of the death of 25,000,000 of our population as the unfortunate but necessary result of a sudden attack. Publishers and journalists of the Goebbels type—a type not in the least peculiar to Germany—look forward with interest to a social order in which the minds of human beings may be manipulated at will. They are already warming up for the game. You may find their periodicals at your neighborhood newsstand.

It is a grave error to assume that all men love freedom. Many have a deep passion for dictatorship, whether it be the small dictatorship of the family, or the vast dictatorship of a whole country. Many more have a deep passion for servility.

If you feel in yourself a dislike of, or, contempt for, people who do not resemble you in race, color, religion, manners, economic background, social behavior; if to your inward vision humanity seems to be or should be arranged in a fixed, hierarchical order; if you are confident that the application of sufficient *force* will solve any problem; if the idea of violence subtly fills some of your unconfessed day-dreams; if the notion of obeying a “superior” supplies you with a secret comfort; if in your judgment mankind has worked itself into such a complicated mess that salvation can come about only through the imposition of “or-

; if you are heartily sick of words nobody understands, as democracy, freedom, justice, if you are attracted by the words everybody understands, as success, power, security; the depths of your heart you know that the idea men, from Socrates and Jesus down to your own philosophy professor, are but a succession of futile windbags; if the suppositions awaken in you a positive response, then you will probably be a happy and useful citizen of that future state so well characterized by H. G. Wells as the human termitarium.

However, it may be that you never accept nor reject the dark picture I have sketched. Schooled in the methods of free inquiry, you may prefer a third alternative. You may prefer to *investigate statements*. You will then seek to determine, first, the degree of probability of their truth; and, second, the methods, in case that degree is found dangerously high, of averting the catastrophe they portend.

Very well. We will start with the dismal news. You have just spent four years in an atmosphere of books and studies. You are restless eager to step out of this atmosphere into what is loosely called "practical life."

Such an eagerness is quite understandable. But there is a catch. To determine whether that

"practical life" is to continue (otherwise there's not much sense, is there, in rushing into it?) you will have to go back at once to the very thing you have just left behind: the world of thought.

I am not underestimating the difficulty of your task, for there is nothing harder than fundamental thinking—and that is the requirement for this course, which we may call Survival One and Two. Those who do not care to elect this postgraduate course need listen no longer.

To the die-hard rest of you: first you must study something you cannot see, touch, taste, smell, or hear: the atom. To do this read Selig Hecht's book *Explaining the Atom* (The Viking Press, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.). This will require about twelve hours of concentrated work: like all good books, *Explaining the Atom* is clear but not easy. After these twelve hours, you will know more about atomic energy than many of our representatives in Congress, and of our military leaders.

Next you must study Hiroshima. Your study of the meaning of Hiroshima can best be started by dropping a postcard to the National Committee on Atomic Information, 1749 L Street N.W., Washington 6, D. C., asking for a list of their study materials. As a consequence of your reading you



will come to certain conclusions about the bomb. One of the conclusions will be that it is less a weapon of war than a method of genocide.

Now you must on your own do a little research into the history of invention. From this you should emerge with one idea: that the atomic bomb is merely one of a series of more lethal weapons to come—or already here. You will link this fact with another, which you will find demonstrated by the researches of the best of modern historians: that improvements in the art of war tend to accompany setbacks in civilization. The greater the improvement, apparently, the greater the setback.

You have now in theory completed the preliminary work required in our course, *Survival One* and *Two*. I will outline two general conclusions that these elementary studies are apt to suggest.

The first is that Hiroshima symbolizes one of the most crucial events in recorded history. It symbolizes man's formal announcement not merely of his ability but of his apparent willingness to make an end of himself. You will conclude that, if suicide is to be avoided, a fundamentally new re-

lationship will have to be established among men, nations, and the physical energy that science has released. That new relationship you will yourself have to determine. This will take laborious reading, plus a great deal of stripped, uncompromising thought. Dull work—but there is no way out of it.

Your second general conclusion is equally important. By and large you will find that the most sensible—if also the most frightening—statements about the meaning of Hiroshima seem to have been uttered by the “impractical” men, such as scientists, educators, philosophers, and writers. The fiercest statements, with some honorable exceptions, seem to have come from the “practical” men in our countries—particularly the official spokesmen for the U.S.S.R.

A little reflection will give you the reason for this odd circumstance. By the very nature of the jobs (research into the truth), the impractical men are accustomed to think *detachedly*; to think, at least, as compared with the rest of the world in terms of all time and all space. Once in a great while this kind of thinking becomes necessary, not for the long run—it is always ne-



ry for that—but for the short  
Now is one of those times.  
practical men, by the nature of  
jobs (action in terms of the  
ent plus a short-term future),  
accustomed to think *expedi-*  
*ly*. Expedient thinking, condi-  
ed by the practical men's per-  
y understandable fidelities to  
rticular time and place, is un-  
unately unequal to the task of  
ing the problems raised by  
oshima.  
ence you will probably place  
e emphasis on the ideas of cer-  
philosophers, historians, edu-  
rs, and scientists than on the  
rances of commissars, foreign-  
etaries, and editorial writers.  
ime you will learn to separate  
ost by instinct pre-Hiroshima  
king from post-Hiroshima  
king. One odd thing you will  
over is that pre-Hiroshima  
kers can be contemporary, and  
-Hiroshima thinkers may have  
a dead for a long time. For ex-  
le, Molotov and Thomas E.  
zey are pre-Hiroshima, whereas  
to is post-Hiroshima.  
y the time you have reached  
point you will be an altered  
nan being. Certain qualities  
are precious and lovable you  
perhaps in part have lost—

vigorous optimism, easy gaiety,  
and maybe, though Heaven for-  
bid, humor. That is the penalty  
you must pay for being part of  
the most terrible of all recorded  
centuries.

You will have become, not a  
pessimist, but a man or woman  
with a sense of tragedy. You will  
have become big enough (your  
studies in time and space will  
have enlarged you) to conceive as  
a real thing the possibility of a  
major cataclysm, comparable in  
its effects to the coming of an ice  
age. When you are transformed  
into this altered human being, you  
will be able to think of methods  
of averting the cataclysm—but not  
before.

At this point I must cease my  
exhortation. I cannot tell you what  
to do next. What you do will flow  
out of what you are. If the scale  
of your thinking has become suffi-  
ciently great, the scale of your  
actions will be correspondingly  
great. That the actions must be  
great and not small, rooted in the  
future, not in the past, is obvious  
from the circumstance that our  
present dilemma is great and not  
small, unique and not traditional.

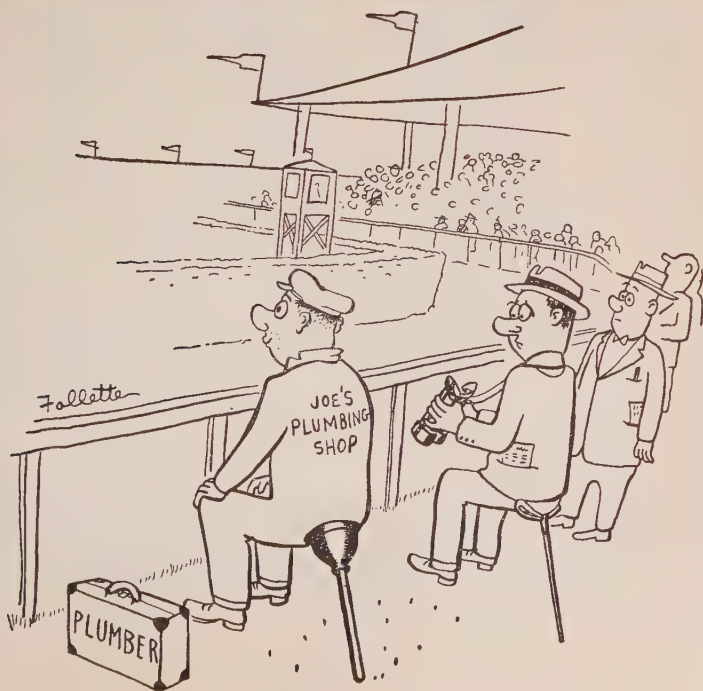
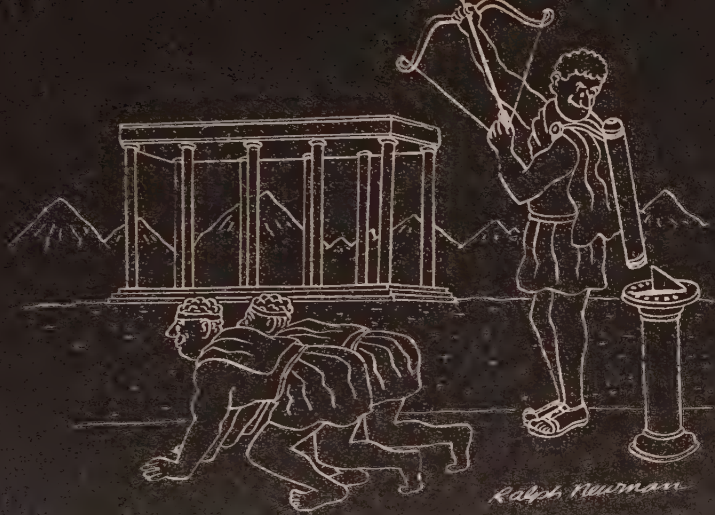
This is Commencement Day.

It is time to commence.



# NO COMMENT









By THOMAS CRAVEN

# IS AMERICAN ART

**Yes! A noted critic attacks extremism • No! Six defenders**

OF ALL THE STRANGE commodities which the War Assets Administration has been called upon to sell, the strangest certainly is the collection of modern paintings originally intended to give people abroad a view of American culture. Two years ago, the State Department, acting through one of its underlings, forked out \$49,000 for these paintings, and, with much fanfare in the "art world," sent them on what was supposed to be their lofty mission. The collection reached Prague, and there, last spring, its progress was halted by Secretary Marshall, who, with the decisive good judgment for which he is famous, ordered the canvases returned forthwith and impounded.

The effect of the Secretary's mandate on the addled custodians of modern art in this country was prolonged and laughable. The

neurotic platoons of contemporary painting, the neo-abstractionists, the non-objectivists, and their abortive creations—Lord deliver us!—the mumbling legmen and irresponsible scribblers at the art desks of metropolitan newspapers, the dealers who sold the pictures to the Government—all these moaned and wept and threatened. But the Secretary wisely paid them no mind.

It is possible, as some of his critics hinted, that Secretary Marshall is not a connoisseur of painting, but he was wise enough to nail the absurdity of representing American culture by a batch of imitative abstractions and boneless distortions. The pictures, with a few notable exceptions, were either a conventional rehash of cubist patterns born among the wastrels of Paris forty years ago, or the more recent nightmares of surrealism. Not by any conceivable straining at rationalization could they be called a reflection of American culture, and when I saw the

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Thomas Craven has been critic of art and chief gadfly of followers of the School of Paris for many years. His best-known books: *Men of Art*, *Modern Art*, and *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*.

# DEGRADED ?

modern art strike back.

hibition at the Metropolitan Museum before the collection went abroad, I was moved to dwell not only on the wastefulness of the State Department, but, more fundamentally, on the question, Can we produce an art of our own America, an art comparable to our literature in originality and expressive force, an art that truthfully reflects the native spirit of America and organizes our varied experiences in forms at once beautiful and enduring?"

After observing the trials and errors of art in the United States for more than thirty-five years, I must answer that question in the negative. I do not believe that we can produce an art that may be properly called American—at least not for as long as we persist in our provincialism. A decade ago, before the liquidation of a movement in painting loosely termed regional, I was more optimistic; but, confronted with the present trend, the nationwide obsessive absorption in abstract

*Styles in painting should  
be a matter of taste.*

*But today this perennial  
controversy is a matter of state.*

drivel, I am forced to confess that we seem to be utterly incapable of the mature confidence and the independence of spirit essential to the creation of original art.

In the folk arts and professional fields alike, America has produced artists of exceptional ability and fine sensibilities. The fact that our artists in both departments were publicly supported and their attainments proclaimed with much pride, gives the lie to those who call the American people a race of dollar-grabbers without esthetic needs or appreciation. We have been the greatest collectors in history, and we have erected more institutions dedicated to the arts than any other nation, past or present. We have more art schools and more students attending them than all other nations put together. What then, in the name of all that is holy and beautiful and abiding, is the matter with us? Why is it that no substantial body of American art exists today?

To say that we are too young a

nation is to repeat a threadbare fallacy. We were not settled by barbarians; in our colonial infancy we had plenty of art—and a unique art in the bargain. In fact, during the middle years of the nineteenth century, we could boast of two well-developed schools of painting, both unmistakably American in many aspects—the Hudson River school of landscapists and the Currier and Ives printmakers. The latter school, while devoted primarily to the documentary representation of the American scene, urban and rural, gave rise to many profoundly exciting and original forms of expression.

But every time we have made a move in the right direction, or attempted to consolidate our talents in an independent American school, some personality or clique has operated to ruin our efforts. When our old colonial face-painters and limners were ready to unite in a distinctive school of New World portraitists, John Singleton Copley, the outstanding master, ran off (with Benjamin West and Gilbert Stuart) to become a second-rate Britisher and the portrayer of counterfeit duchesses. His school struggled and died and passed into the museums.

When the Hudson River landscapists were developing into an authentic American movement, along came Whistler, the most insolent and the most brilliant esthete this country has bred. Be-

sides repudiating his Massachusetts birthplace and all of American civilization, Whistler set the example of living abroad and exalting every legitimate style in art save our own.

In the early days of the present century, when John Sloan, George Bellows, Boardman Robinson, and their confreres banded together in the interest of a genuine American school of art, some conniving promoter choked off their influence by importing a cargo of French modernism which was officially displayed, in 1913, in an old armory in New York City. This exhibition, publicized by such memorable conceptions as Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* and Matisse's dead goldfish in a flat bowl, was the first wholesale dose of abstract experimentation and meaningless distortion to reach our shores, and its impact was both sensational and corrupting.

In less time than any soothsayer would have ventured to predict, a new movement was in full swing. The great majority of merchants, international promoters, parvenu collectors, and artists shouted their approval, crying out that at last they had found the Holy Grail, the real McCoy, the salvation of art in America! That was a generation ago, and our servile imitators, from Iowa to Greenwich Village, are still at it, still turning out formless blobs and dismal figures without drawing or stature.

The failure of our artists to try forward admirable beginnings, to utilize our past achievements as the foundation for an original delineation of contemporary life, is one of the puzzling aspects of American civilization. Any, with the enormous current interest in art, and with an adequate though limited background of honest attainment, should our eyes today be spiritually so empty and so patently out of joint with our basic culture?

The first reason is the spread of robbery in the latter part of the nineteenth century—the consequence of a monied baronialism in which the *nouveaux riches* sought to conceal or deny their lowly origins. The purchase of a duke or marquis for the daughters of new millionaires suggested the buying of appropriate art, and such art could only be bought where dukes and marquises were bred—Europe.

In such a traffic, art was only an imported commodity and its validity depended on the tag certifying its remote and exotic nature. The story of this wallowing in costly importations—the hoarding of Old Masters, many of them curious, the fabulous accumulations of antique trumpery, the rise of slippery restorers, fraudulent dealers, and alleged experts who received handsome fees from the sales of dubious canvases they had fraudulently authenticated—is a study

AMERICAN ART DEGRADED?

## IN REBUTTAL

Six of Mr. Craven's foes rise to defend their craft

By Stuart Davis • Painter

It is common knowledge that Mr. Craven doesn't like modern art. He prefers his own ideas. For years he has buttressed them by slander of the work, personal habits, and motives of the leading artists of our time. While they have created, he has carped.



Throughout his writing, fact gets short shrift if it does not serve his dream. A brief example from his current article: he says that John Sloan and George Bellows strove to build a real American art but were overwhelmed by "some conniving promoter" who staged the Armory Show in 1913. He wants you to believe that. Who was this criminal? History proves that he consisted of Sloan, Bellows, Henri, Arthur B. Davies, Walt Kuhn, Glackens, Jo Davidson, and a number of other artists from Right and Left alike who formed the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, Inc., for the specific purpose of putting on the Armory Show. Why? Because of a broad sentiment among artists that something was going on in European art that they

(Continued on Page 71)



in itself, the sad chronicle of the degradation of art in America.

From the topsoil of snobbery sprang our great museums, many of whose directors, the servitors of caste and wealthy patronage, spread the superstition that art was something reserved for the museums and large private collections. Since the contents of both were largely importations, the source of art must, perforce, be sought in foreign lands. This toxic propaganda was spread through the classrooms of our schools and universities, and American artists, playing the ape to Whistler, hurried abroad in shoals. Abroad, in a prefabricated setting of cheap romance, they were led to believe that the first step in the making of art was to repudiate their cultural background, their native heritage. Having forfeited these, they also surrendered the chance of making any art at all. They became virtuosos and imitators, not creators.

Affiliated with this snobbery begotten of sudden wealth is the intellectualization of art that has been going on for the past thirty years in the cloisters of the universities and museums and among the small-fry critics. One of the gravest impediments to the growth of original expression in America is the professor who has gone in for Art and Aesthetics with a capital A. Separated from philosophy proper and from the normal behavior of the race, the counterfeit

science of esthetics is not worth serious attention; but it has become, nevertheless, an academic influence that must be reckoned with. Compared with the mental discipline exacted of students in law or medicine or physics, courses in esthetics are insanely trivial, but they are having their effect on those who shy away from more solid educational fare.

The development of esthetics as a special discipline in taste has closed the minds of students to the reality of art. Art as a living business seems low and commonplace to youngsters taught to view it as a succession of precious objects imported from foreign lands. Such coddled adolescents are blinded to the fact that the conditions responsible for the historical art they admire are similar to those of today, to the teeming, vulgar realities of life that must be taken into account if we are to produce an art of our own. At present, whenever a course in contemporary art is listed, one can be sure that the professor will present it as something operating at a distance and in foreign zones, an art untouched by the drive and guts of America.

For one shameful example, look at what has happened at the University of Iowa. In the midst of the corn country, in the face of the late Grant Wood's native and unique achievements, a succession of professorial and political maneuvers has converted the State

iversity into an exotic haven for  
 thetes. The school's exhibition  
 oms are usually crammed with  
 the most extreme specimens of ab-  
 tract, expressionist, and surrealist  
 painting sent out by New York  
 dealers and galleries—painting  
 that has no relation whatever to  
 the Iowa environment and about  
 which no Iowan cares a damn.  
 Whatever the intrinsic value, if  
 any, of the stuff exhibited, there  
 is revealed in this business a mis-  
 chievous ignorance of the nature  
 and function of art in society as  
 well as an offensive inclination to  
 suppress anything American and  
 to show off before yokels.

Whether or not great in the  
 long-range historical sense, Grant  
 Wood represented and expressed  
 the conditions of Iowa life and the  
 true culture of his native place.  
 He was not ashamed of that cul-  
 ture and he made it beautiful; and  
 it is his work, therefore, that  
 should be enshrined, not the selec-  
 tions made by professors and  
 aesthetes who deny the tastes and  
 intelligence of their native region.

And what has happened in Iowa  
 is happening in colleges and pre-  
 paratory schools from coast to  
 coast. To name another prize ex-  
 ample, the bulletins issued by  
 Smith College, where art for years  
 has been presented as essentially

European attainment, seldom  
 mention America.

A third cause of the degrada-  
 tion of our art is the game that

IS AMERICAN ART DEGRADED?

## IN REBUTTAL *cont'd*

wanted first hand knowledge of.

The result was the most exciting  
 exhibition ever held in America  
 and the negation of the "iron cur-  
 tain" idea. To Mr. Craven, this  
 tremendous gesture of unity and  
 good will on an international and  
 interesthetic scale is summed up  
 in the phrase, "some conniving  
 promoter." That's the picture of  
 the quality of Craven's ideas and  
 the method used to promote them.  
 His article is an affront to Amer-  
 ican art and artists.

**By P. T. Rathbone • Director,  
 City Art Museum of St. Louis**

Mr. Craven has  
 not yet delivered  
 a constructive criti-  
 cism of American  
 museums. Rather, he  
 prefers the cheap  
 applause insured by  
 childish name-call-  
 ing—one of the  
 tricks that give  
 a "controversial"



twist to his statements. Is the stu-  
 dent body at the Fogg correctly  
 described as a "provincial tribe,"  
 drawn as it is from every corner  
 of America, if not the world? And  
 if so, is it not ironic that Mr.  
 Craven should have required the  
 assistance of one of these "pro-  
 vincials" in the preparation of his  
 most lavish best-seller?

Mr. Craven's charge that the  
 museum men of this country are

*(Continued on Page 77)*

many dealers play, the slick, concatenated racketeering of certain merchants of art. If you stand at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, and glance along the rows of shops, you will behold the facade of this organized chicanery. Some are small, fly-by-night affairs—transitory nests of dissimulation—but even in many of the large, austere suites the art suckers get what they deserve.

The suckers are, for the most part, women who have followed the example of the wives of the money barons of old, or have swallowed the popular line that culture may be acquired like a Paris bonnet. "It must be genuine, you know, if it bears the foreign label." Psychologically, this selling game is not different from that pursued by the dealers in women's styles and fashionable gewgaws. Art, like physical adornment, is exploited to attract the exotic, the emotionally unstable, the suburban parvenus, and the queer birds out to distinguish themselves by eccentric tastes and habits.

Such people have no more interest in art and no more understanding of its essential nature than had Andrew Mellon, the astute collector who left us a "National Gallery" in his honor. The monument to his taste is a huge structure in Washington that has nothing national about it and remains a pseudoclassical pile given over to

the display of expensive importations. It is, of course, the dream of every dealer to latch on, flunkewise, to a Mellon.

Honest dealers in American art are few and far between, and those making a pretense of handling such art are careful to select works which, though executed in the U. S., are but flagrant transcriptions of the Parisian brand.

The snobbery born of excessive possessions, the collegiate system of esthetics, the deviousness of dealers whose survival depends on the sophistry that art is a foreign, not a native cultural manifestation—these three factors weigh heavily against a healthy growth in America. Acting on young minds, these evils discourage everything but the reworking of European patterns, and undermine the confidence necessary for the cultural explorations leading to original art. Time and again, groups of self-respecting American painters have revolted against this ugly situation, only to be defeated.

After Sloan, Bellows, and their associates were swamped by the champions of the French importations at the Armory circus in 1913, the modernists ruled the roost with raucous, cock-a-whoop defiance. But in the late '20s a new revolt gathered, the last stand of American artists against the servility of imitation. John Steuart Curry, Thomas Hart Benton, and Grant Wood, working in coopera-



defenders of the State Department paintings point to Philip Guston's *SHANAH* as a virile example of modern American art. For others in the collection, turn page.

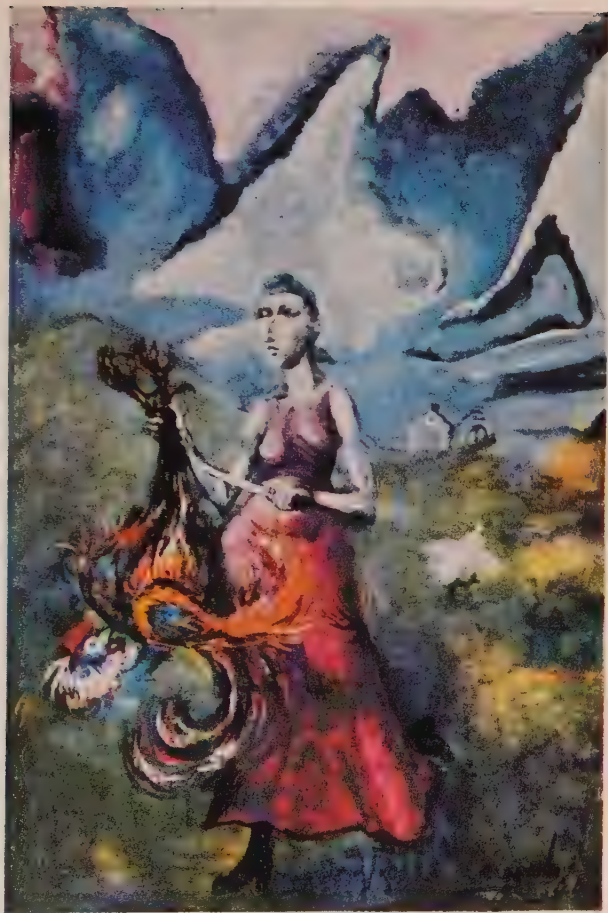


Are these American modern or imitati



STILL LIFE by Max Weber

rench?



**WOMAN WITH ROOSTER** by Philip Evergood

*The paintings on these four pages were among the 79 in the State Department exhibition, "Advancing American Art." Sent abroad in 1946 as U. S. cultural propaganda, they were hastily withdrawn when congressmen and others called the collection "un-American" or "ham and eggs." Defenders insist the paintings are "honestly American" and "beautiful." Both sides are represented in the accompanying article.*



FISHERMEN ON WHARF BY SOL WILSON



n, and Charles Burchfield and  
 ginald Marsh, acting independ-  
 ly, turned out some of the finest  
 amples of painting thus far pro-  
 ced in this land of talent.

These painters were American.  
 ey had something to say which  
 e public, though not always in  
 eord with it, welcomed and en-  
 ed. But against their successes  
 most every vested interest, al-  
 st every entrenched force of the  
 epted art world was arrayed.  
 urchfield, that master of water-  
 or landscapes, was not openly  
 ultiated, but he was constantly  
 ndervalued because he did not  
 opt French mannerisms; Marsh,  
 urrently producing some of the  
 est remarkable paintings since  
 umier, was snubbed and set  
 own as "corny" or "a mere il-  
 trator"; and Curry, Benton, and  
 ood have been the targets for un-  
 tigated abuse and defamation.  
 espite the common sense of their  
 use and the immense publicity  
 rded their work, their influ-  
 ce has waned and the school  
 ey all but founded is a thing of  
 e past.

The galleries here are now  
 amped with gaudy sideswipes;  
 d the catchword, "International-  
 n," first spoken by Alfred Stieg-  
 z and renounced by him too late,  
 ounds again in the rookeries of  
 fty-seventh Street. To be an  
 merican is considered chauvinis-  
 —one must live in a world cli-  
 ate, but a world climate that is,

contemptuous of America and its  
 art is so patently false it hardly  
 deserves repudiation. But let these  
 facts about the City Art Museum  
 of St. Louis—not unrepresentative  
 of American picture galleries—  
 speak for themselves. Its collection  
 today numbers some 500 paint-  
 ings, 259 of which are by Euro-  
 pean artists, and 256 by Amer-  
 icans. Moreover, the collection is  
 highlighted by such typical native  
 artists as Earl and Cole, Wimar  
 and Bingham of Missouri, and by  
 Inness, Eakins, Homer, Duveneck,  
 and Chase, none of whom, inci-  
 dentally, were afraid of "contami-  
 nating" themselves by study in  
 Europe. As these facts and figures  
 make clear, Mr. Craven's so-called  
 criticism has for its core his con-  
 sistent indifference to the truth.

**By Edith Gregor Halpert •**  
*Director, The Downtown Gallery,  
 New York*

The War Assets  
 Administration has  
 been called upon to  
 sell strange com-  
 modities, indeed.  
 Seventy-nine paint-  
 ings by distin-  
 guished artists of all  
 schools within the  
 required classifica-  
 tion, "Advancing  
 American Art," are to be disposed  
 of because Mr. Hearst said, "Com-

*(Continued on Page 79)*





one discovers, of Parisian origin.

To every Frenchman there is only one place in which genuine art can be fashioned, and that is France. For precisely this reason French art itself, at its best, happens to be truly great. It has come out of the sincere belief in the reality and supremacy of French culture. Through a similar faith in their own culture, Hogarth, Constable, and Turner are great artists, and so are the old Flemings, the little Dutchmen, and the innumerable Renaissance Italians. Divorced from his own culture, the artist is a lost soul and the best he can do is to imitate the products of other cultures.

The question of internationalism should be clearly resolved. On its face, it is a persuasive dogma emphasizing a proper sense of the worldwide significance of cultural standards, and a commendable desire to avoid chauvinistic idolatry of the German fascist type. And it is perfectly true, so far as appreciation is concerned, that objects of art are internationally sound; but in the matter of production, or creation, they are bound to local environments and psychologies. There is no international ground for the creation of art.

Everybody acknowledges this but the Americans. We are the only ones who go around looking for that which, by its very nature, can be found only at home, for that which can be understood and

appreciated only by those who have experienced it at their own doorsteps. Unfortunately, the controllers of the art business still cling, for the sake of their own prestige, to the cheapest interpretation of internationalism—not the honorable exchange of cultural goods but the servility of American artists to European models.

There is, for example, the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, a Rockefeller plant riddled by cultural sicknesses. Its top intellectual—Alfred Barr, master of a style that is one part erudition and nine parts the attenuated lingo of the hothouse,—writes books on Picasso, the Red idol deified by the Parisian Bohemia that he rules, and on other such deadly phenomena. This museum is a glittering depot of exotic importations and the claptrap of a few culled Americans who have nothing American about them. The Barnes Foundation, of Philadelphia, is cut from the same pattern, a one-man monopoly specializing in French goods and notorious for its condemnation of everything done in the United States. The Fogg Museum of Harvard, rendezvous of an effeminate and provincial tribe, is still another such institution.

The question of non-objective art, over which so many silly battles have been waged, boils down to a few simple truths. Intrinsically, there is nothing wrong with the process of abstracting from

ature—that is, to a certain extent. It is the business of the artist to select, dispose, and simplify the visible world. One cannot include everything, and how much to include varies from age to age. But when artists and critics swoon over a skein of tangled lines or a few casual splinters surrounding an ox-eye or a mammary gland, it is time to take our bearings. When Mondrian, a Dutch mechanical draughtsman, is hailed as one of the greatest artists of all time because he has spaced a number of cross-hatches with a micrometer on a checkerboard, it is time to break down and cry, and tune in on Fred Allen.

After the repercussions of World War II have died away, can we expect another revolt against subservience and imitation—an honest effort of Americans to be themselves? I wish I knew the answer. Professor Toynbee, in his great history, unhesitatingly identifies the grotesque and inhuman trends of modern art with the decaying elements of modern civilization. I hope that he is wrong in linking any art with rottenness, but he is a wise man, and I wish the specialists in art knew as much about the subject as he does. It is my guess that after a lapse of a few years, the fashionable emptiness of abstract art will be apparent even to the cowards and sheep who practise it. Even artists wake up now and then.

—12—

munism"; Mr. Truman, "Ham and eggs"; and Mr. Marshall, "I am baffled by modern art." Works by the artists in the State Department collection are owned by major museums, by important collectors, by commercially-minded industries, and are enjoyed by millions every year.

Seven of the eleven selected as "Best Painters in American Art Today" in a recent national poll are included among these "strange commodities." And the entire lot cost this government an average of less than \$600 per painting. With more than ten dealers participating in the original sale, a gross profit of approximately \$1,000 will go to each of the "concatenated racketeers."

It is high time to set Mr. Craven and the public straight about these so-called racketeers. For years, dealers have been abused indiscriminately—accused of both internationalism and chauvinism, of defrauding the public or exploiting the artists, of buying cheap and selling high. Actually, the dealer in American art is not so much a dealer as an agent: he provides the setting and machinery to promote, exhibit, and sell works of art. He pays all expenses of rent, light, phone, personnel, advertising, printing, mailing, shipping, etc.; he is paid in commissions on the sales that he effects. He risks his investment in the hope that his personal judgment will be justified, that his belief in Ameri-

can art and in the artists he represents will eventually be shared even by men like Mr. Craven.

**By Alfred Frankenstein •**  
*Critic, San Francisco Chronicle*



Since time immemorial, most of the great achievements of mankind have been the result of international and interracial exchanges. The Hudson River painters were strongly influenced by their contemporaries in England and predecessors in France.

Thomas Benton, for example, is indebted to El Greco. Even some of the "typically American" painters employed by Currier and Ives were born and trained in England. Local factors add great interest to works of art but never account for their value in the long run. The ultimate criteria of value emerge from craftsmanship, organization, and personality, which may be conditioned by local circumstances but are nevertheless distinct from them.

Mr. Craven does not make clear whether he is arguing against European influence in general or against Parisian influence in particular. If he could demonstrate a Paris-New York axis in modern experimental art, his case would be stronger; as it is, the modern movement extends all over the world and has since the beginning of the century; and it now penetrates into every stretch and fiber

of modern America's artistic scene.

The rest is all a matter of taste. If Mr. Craven likes art which reflects a certain limited set of environmental factors in a certain limited fashion, that is his privilege. But one would respect him more if he could refrain from saying that anyone who likes anything else is either a faker or a fool.

**By H. W. Janson •** *Professor, Washington University, St. Louis*

In his self-appointed role as a one-man committee on un-American activities in the arts, Thomas Craven has long upheld the fiction that the work of Grant Wood is a "native and unique achievement." The subjects of many of Grant Wood's paintings are indeed "native," but his style is as "un-American," by Craven's own standards, as that of any abstractionist or surrealist. All available evidence indicates that Wood picked up his "native" style during his prolonged visit to Munich in 1929, when he came in contact with the so-called "*Neue Sachlichkeit*" painters there, champions of the kind of close-grained realism that was to receive the official blessing of Hitler as the only true "native German" art. All this, of course, would have made little difference if Grant Wood had been an artist of genuine creative force.

Since American civilization is rooted in that of Europe, every





American artist reflects in some way the influence of the parent culture. The important thing is not the influence but what the artist does with it. Unfortunately, Grant Wood's talent was very modest, indeed, and his ability as a teacher downright deplorable. All through the late 1930s, he had every opportunity at the University of Iowa to spread his influence. His complete failure during this period to attract or develop new talent (let Mr. Craven name the important pupils of Grant Wood, if he knows of any) more than justified the decision of the university authorities to call in other American painters of less narrow convictions. Men such as Fletcher Martin, Philip Guston, Stuart Diehl, and James Lechay may not be "American" according to Craven's irrational use of that term, but at least they do not hide their heads in the tall corn.

**by Holger Cahill • Author**

Mr. Craven's article, particularly in the section devoted to Alfred Barr and the Museum of Modern Art, is so intemperate that it must be considered an expression of emotional tension and not a view of facts. Mr. Barr is undoubtedly the leading American scholar dealing with contemporary world art, and quite as important as his scholarship is his ability to present his subject in clear English, free, on the one hand, from the jargon and the snobbery of the aesthete, and, on the other from the crowd snobbery and vulgar-

isms of the popularizer. Compare, say, Mr. Barr's essay, *What is Modern Art?*, a classic in its field, with any of Mr. Craven's essays in praise of modern art (for in the '20s he himself, alas! was one of the fuglemen of the "con-ning promoter" who imported French modernism).

Let us see what the Museum of Modern Art has done about Mr. Craven's enthusiasms. Mr. Craven praises American folk art. The Museum of Modern Art was a pioneer in this field. Its 1932 exhibition remains the most authoritative presentation, and its folk art collection the finest anywhere.

In a book published in 1943, Mr. Craven found the efforts of the Hudson River school "pretty dull." Now he is all enthusiasm. Can it be that the Museum of Modern Art's important show, "Romantic Painting in America" (1943), which featured the Hudson River painters, had something to do with Mr. Craven's change of mind? None of the painters he praises in his article has been neglected by the museum. Burchfield had his first one-man show there. He, Bellows, and Benton are represented in the museum's permanent collection, and have been included in its important American surveys. Sloan, Henri, Marsh, Wood, and Curry have been shown an average of eight times each. Not even Currier and Ives prints have been neglected. Come, come, Mr. Craven. At least give credit where credit is due.

—18—



Drawings by Margaret Stark



A story by MARGARET BONHAM

# The Noiseless FOOT OF TIME

IN HER FIRST WALK from the *Gästgivaregård*, Martha saw the white house on the edge of the lake. It stood on a slope of turf above the water, and it was like the embryo of Fontainebleau, displaying the French influence common in Sweden. There was such endless nature here, such interminable lake and forest, that these lovely isolated houses gave her every time the same shock of surprise. She took off her sandals and sat with her feet in the water, and wrote a description of the house on a blank page in his diary. When she had finished, she lay back on the stones and did nothing. On her wrist was a round mark, a place where the skin had been worn smooth by the pressure of her watch. The mark was as brown as her arm; since Göteborg she had kept the watch in a suitcase. Here there was no time and yet nothing but time. She could lie in the sun, or walk, or linger



in the village and look again at the round church with its white gilt-starred walls—or write. Because she could do all these things, she perversely chose none of them, but went back to the *Gästgivaregård* and asked Fru Berquist who it was that lived in the white house.

“An English lady. She is wery old, but not—” Fru B. tapped her forehead “—not that. She is oll right. She was good *skådespelsförfattarinna*.”

“Good what?” said Martha, appalled.

“On English I don’t know. Write—she wrote, yes? *Teaterstycken*. Like *Homlet*,” said Fru B., airy with sudden intellectual pride.

“Plays?” The light exploded on Martha. “She’s not Agnes Vanning, is she? Could she be that?”

“Wanning, yes. Fröken Wanning. She is wery old.”

Martha leaned her elbows on the pale wood table that smelled of wax. She looked across at Fru B., who stood by the window, in a striped apron. Fru B.’s hair was bleached (by nature) in strawy ribbons; the unbleached parts were the same smooth light brown as her face. Her chin stuck out like a boxer’s. “I write too,” said Martha in careful monosyllables. “I should like so much to go and see her. Do you think she would let me come?”

Fru B. nodded her head, and the chin gave it a belligerent air, as if Fröken Wanning had better—or else. “I think yes. I think she like it, to see an English. Ingeborg shall ask.” She howled for her daughter, sang to her in Swedish. “*Fru Mas-singer är också askadespelsförfattarinna*,” she cried after her.

“No,” said Martha, catching this somehow in the wide-meshed net of a small vocabulary, “no, no, I’m not; I don’t write plays. I’m a . . . I want to write about her, for a magazine. A paper. *En tidning*,” she said; it was wrong, but she couldn’t fish up anything better.

“So,” said Fru B., as she disappeared through the door. “That shall I tell her, myself.”

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**Margaret Bonham** is, much like the Martha of her story, a British writer with several small children, one large house, and no domestic help.

I have probably made a mistake, Martha thought. She folded her hands on the waxy table and sat still, waiting. The hall was full of light; faint water-color patterns were painted on the whitish walls, round the double windows and the bleached wooden doors. Along the sill stood a row of cacti in pots, and one of them bore a vermilion flower, which looked unrelated, as if someone had stuck it on with a pin. The floor was bare, pale, and shiny. The sunlight lay on it in speckles, sifted through the leaves of silver birches outside. Through the door from the passage and the telephone came the undulating notes of Swedish. If only, if only she lets me, Martha said to herself; if I can just see the house and talk a little to her—two thousand words, Cutley will pay me quite a lot. I could write it standing on my head; it's the sort of thing he wants. It might even pay for this, and then the money for the short story—if I write it—would do for the rent. . . but about money I am *not* going to think. Back along the polish came Fru B.'s embroidered slippers. "Fröken Kahm say Fröken Wanning is wery pleased. You shall please go to tea today at four o'clock. She like it."

"Thank you very much for telephoning; I am grateful."

"She shall like it if you eat wery much," said Fru B. "She like to eat. If you eat she shall talk."

"Then I'd better not have any *middag*," said Martha. Fru B. thought this was a joke. She slapped her belly and laughed. At *middag* mountains of food appeared as usual, and at the usual time, which was half-past two.

MARTHA WALKED QUICKLY down the avenue of birches an hour later. A drowsy midsummer heat was folded under the branches, bees hummed over the grass, the scarlet and purple geraniums at the church gate were livid in the sun; but exercise, she kept thinking, gives you an appetite. She had put on a clean cotton dress. Across the bridge a track turned off to the left; it was one of the gentle sandy paths that the Swedes called roads, and it wound along through the pine forest. It went always a little uphill, a warm resinous chasm, deserted, each bend disclosing a sweet replica of the last. Suddenly she found herself facing one corner of the house. There were no



gates, no drives or lodges, there was no warning at all; down from the little horseshoe flight of steps in the middle of the facade fell the sweep of grass, unmarked, unbroken, to the water's edge, and the forest spread round it like a cloak, and between the grass and the forest stood the house, civilized and elegant. It was not white after all but rosy-cream. The steep roof was a smoky blue, with three flattened turrets. Martha stood and stared at it, almost angrily. She looked to see what time it was—but there was no watch, there was only the mark on her wrist. She walked round to the back, where there was another door, and rang the bell.

THE THREE LONG WINDOWS in the drawing-room faced the lake; they were shut, the inside windows too were shut. the view was draped in muslin. Pink clouds and zephyrs were depicted on the blue ceiling, indifferently well; the room was chilled and smelled of disuse; even as she walked agonizedly through the double doors, Martha had the conviction that earlier that very afternoon dust-sheets had been whisked from the stiff greyish brocade. The breath was not of decay but of embalmment, musky—or was it mice? The little camphorous exhalations of Agnes Vanning, in a winged chair, and of Fröken Kahm, who sat at a grand piano selfconsciously playing *Cwm Rhondda*, were too faint and recent to give the air new life. “Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah,” played Fröken Kahm, and then stopped politely. She had a big bony listening face, the color of simple cheese, and luminous pale-blue eyes. Her mouth did not quite fit over her teeth. She looked anxiously amiable.

“Fröken Kahm, my companion,” said Agnes Vanning, pointing a finger. “She doesn’t speak English.”

Fröken Kahm bowed, as though the finger and the remark



were alike complimentary. She continued to sit at the piano with her hands folded in the black stuff of her lap, and Martha wondered if she ought to ask for a repeat of *Cwm Rhondda*—"Please, Fröken, won't you play again?"—but Agnes Vanning took no further notice of Fröken Kahm, and soon Martha forgot her too.

Agnes Vanning was old and powerful and prodigiously large; sparing of movement, compressed in a lively calm; like a mountainous female shape hacked out of china clay and dressed in greenish-black twill. She sat in the chair with her feet planted a little apart. Her hair, cut short, was brushed back from her face.

While Martha answered questions about whom she wrote for and where she lived and what she was doing in Sweden, she had the feeling that Agnes Vanning was adopting a pose; perhaps playwrights always made you feel you had walked on to a stage set. Though Agnes Vanning was over seventy and had long ago stopped writing, she was very great and famous, and perhaps it was still a matter of concern to her how she was presented to the people who went to see her plays; no more, perhaps, than that. Martha looked at her in the blanched light that filtered through the muslin; the vast, musty-smelling room was cold—she looked down at her arms and saw they were goosefleshed. The double doors clicked open, and a maid began to bring in tea.

"I saw *World Over* about three weeks ago, in London," Martha said. "Evans was playing Mrs. Baring. She was magnificent."

"So I hear," said Agnes Vanning. "Better than Liedermann in Berlin, they say." With a kind of perfunctory grandeur she began to talk about her plays, and Martha listened and answered, knowing all of it (for she went to the theatre often), knowing all about those enormous, progressive, frustrated dramas, all about the Agnes Vanning cult, the English Ibsen. This was not what she wanted for her article, but she could not stop the lecture; it was like an avalanche. Meanwhile the tea, like another, endlessly advanced; trolleys, trays, little tables glided in and piled up round them, dishes, cakes, pastries, cups, sandwiches, rolls, biscuits, plates, pies, and silver.

Agnes Vanning talked on, neither moving nor looking, as if nothing were happening at all. Martha was writing the article in her mind; it was not going well.

At last the maid shut the doors and vanished. Agnes Vanning was repeating what Shaw had written to her on a postcard after the first night of *Dido* in 1920, and she lifted her arms from the chair and folded them on her stomach in a majestic way. Fröken Kahm suddenly played a ghostly single note on the piano. The sound startled Martha, who had forgotten all about her. She turned and saw Fröken Kahm still sitting there at the piano, and Fröken Kahm faintly inclined her head, almost as if acknowledging applause.

"Now we will have tea," said Agnes Vanning.

Fröken Kahm's long black skirts skated across the floor and she began to pour the tea.

"AND NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF," Agnes Vanning said to Martha. Miss Vanning straightened up and then sagged over the plate on her knees, and she seemed relieved that she did not have to go on declaiming about her work: now she could turn to reality, and eat and eat and eat. Fröken Kahm was a little hindered by having to pause and fill teacups and pass plates, but she was not far behind. Martha knew Agnes Vanning wanted her to talk about herself, less because she was interested than in order to eat without stopping. Martha did not object, for the more she talked the more she could linger over the sandwiches and cream and strawberry pastries, stretching out each of them while her listeners engulfed four or five. So she sat under the clouds and zephyrs in the colorless underwater light, amidst the piled-up food, and told Agnes Vanning about her work and her flat, and about her husband and her child; how those women ate! Martha's plate was no sooner empty than Agnes Vanning interrupted her to shout "Come on!", with the gesture familiar in English pubs, the hand waved invitingly to the bar, "Come on, have another." "*Var så god,*" murmured Fröken Kahm, materializing beside her with a plate of sausage rolls.

"Are you going to be a good writer?" said Agnes Vanning.





Martha said: "I don't think so. I haven't time to learn; I can't afford it."

"Time? How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-eight."

"Forty years— isn't that enough? If you can't be successful in forty years, you should never have begun, should you?"

"You didn't say successful. You said good."

"People aren't as stupid as all that. If you keep your integrity and write well and make money, you're both. I'm both. If I weren't I shouldn't be sitting here, should I?"

"No," said Martha, like a child in front of a headmistress. If I were in your place, she thought, sitting in this room but with the windows open and the curtains torn down and nothing but the lake and the forest outside; if I had time to think and time to write and could think and write whenever I felt like it, then I could write well. Or perhaps I couldn't; perhaps I have gone too far on the wrong road—a sentence and the door-bell rings, two words and then the telephone, half a page and the oven must be switched on; knowing I could do better if I had time and peace, if there weren't so many knots in the thread—but *do* I know it? She sits here with all the time in the world and all her senses intact and does nothing, the windows are shut and draped. no one calls, there is no one even who speaks her language. Perhaps there's no way out: too much contact with the world or too little—either way the thing dies. She shut herself away to write and then didn't. She stopped writing at fifty, and it wasn't because she could afford to retire. Her impulse died from too little nourishment, and mine will die, but from too much.

"Come on!" shouted Agnes Vanning, and Fröken Kahm came gliding, bearing a plate of pastries striped with cream. And Agnes Vanning went on eating, and Fröken Kahm went on eating, too, and at last there was nothing left but crusts and crumbs and a little island of food around Martha, and Martha wondered if she ought now to get up and pass some of it to them. But she was disinclined to move; and soon Fröken Kahm, who had eaten five or six times as much but could still skate with her peculiar forward tilt across the floor and in and out of

the furniture, pulled the blue china handle of a bell, and the maid came to clear away the wreckage. The crumby plate removed from her lap, Agnes Vanning folded her hands again over her stomach and began to talk. She sat as unmoving as before, her eyes glazed over by repletion. The room grew faintly warmer, and with the warmth and the eating and the gentle lethargy of late afternoon the old women became unguarded, their defenses went down, and a kind of sad resignation, touched with nostalgia, settled on their faces. Fröken Kahm swayed drowsily and irrelevantly about the room, sounding a note on the piano, peering at the ornaments as if she had hardly seen them before, had never taken the trouble to lift the enveloping dust-sheets or raise the blinds on pewter and china embalmed in the dark.

Martha had forgotten about the article she was going to write. In this experience she had lost her sense of proportion; perhaps later, with recollection, it would come back. Now it was something more dreadful and fundamental that she was thinking of, and she said to Agnes Vanning, "How can I get free and have my mind to myself?"

"I don't know; how should I know?" said Agnes Vanning. "I don't know what you are and what your mind is like." Her oily eyes watched Martha. "You're abroad alone, aren't you?" she said. "Is that freedom?"

"It's the first I've ever had; and in two weeks I go back."

"You shouldn't feel sorry for yourself," said Agnes Vanning.

"I know that. I try to be objective. I've thought about writing all the time since I left. I tell myself if the time weren't so short, I should work while I'm here, but now I don't know—I don't know whether, if I had nothing but time and quiet, I should be able to write at all. But then as things are, it's



no better: I can't think; they never leave me alone. I go to bed on black coffee because in bed it's dark and quiet and I can work out what I must write the next day, but only half the bed is mine; even there, you see—and sometimes the child cries at night. But people matter. You can't just leave them."

"You can't if they matter more than writing. If they don't, you must. Surely that's plain enough." Fröken Kahm, at the other end of the room, struck a glass bowl with her fingernail and bent her head to listen to the round note like a funeral bell's. "But there have to be people just the same," Agnes Vanning went on. "You have to be outside them, that's all. If there aren't people, as a writer you die."

"Did you die?"

"Yes. I died," Agnes Vanning said. "If I'd known what I know now, I should be alive." It seemed to please her to say it.

"I think I ought to go," said Martha. What with the sausage and the cream and the pastry and the strawberries, she felt sick, and there was a decision already made that must be faced outside. She stood beside Agnes Vanning and smelled the smell of old cloth camphored to preserve it, and looked down at the slicked hair and the flesh like clay, and the folded hands, while across the room skimmed Fröken Kahm to ring the china bell and bear it pealing in the hall. "I don't want to die," she said. "But I shall leave them, I'll be outside people. I'll try."

Agnes Vanning smiled a very aged, malicious smile, as if she didn't believe a word of it, and she said, "If you do, good luck to you."

When Martha came out of the shadow of the walls, the sun was hot on the edge of the forest, light flashed on the water, and she breathed live air. She was not the same person as the one who had climbed the path to the blue and rosy-white house with windows blinded to the lake, she told herself, and it seemed to her that if she looked at the mark on her wrist it would have faded and disappeared, but she did not look. All the while she was being sick in the resinous needly shade of the trees, she was saying to herself: I shall leave, I shan't go back; but afterwards she leaned her forehead against the bark, and thought: Will they let me go?

# THOU SHALT NOT

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS REVALUED

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS have been part of the furniture of the western mind for a very long time. Are they still valid? What is validity? Keep a piano in your living room for ten years. Remove it; and for the next ten years you will still go around the piano whenever you walk across the room in the dark. The object's validity will have outlasted the object itself. To destroy validity, in this sense, one must perform a kind of internal surgery as well as an external removal; one must efface a psychological after-image. One wonders for how many thousands of years the world would go around the Ten Commandments, rather than directly through them,

if they could, in some unfathomable way, be "removed."

But it is not only that we've had the Commandments for a long time. The flashlight intensity of the manner in which they were first offered to the world has helped to fasten their grip upon us.

Intensity? Here we must go back to the original story; and we see Moses climbing Mount Sinai to keep his engagement with the Lord. Below him is encamped Israel, a "stiff-necked people," as the Lord put it, but frightened, and in need of a code. Remember that Moses has been up the mountain once before, and down once; he has already given his people the Ten Commandments orally, and they have promised to obey. Now he has gone back to get them on stone, and to discuss high matters of ritual with God. This takes forty

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Samuel Grafton, an editor of the *New York Post* since 1934, writes the syndicated daily column, *I'd Rather Be Right*.



days and nights, and when the people see that Moses is delayed, they turn to Aaron and demand another god.

Their ravenous need for a god indicates it to be a time of crisis, and Aaron, seeking to show up their folly, takes their gold earrings to mold them a calf. He suggests also that they stand naked, which they submissively do. Moses comes down with the tablets of the new law, and he is so disgusted he breaks them. Later he has to go back for a second set, making in all three times that the Law is given to the people. Here the story takes on the secondary truth of sonata form.

Awful things happen before the Commandments are accepted: brother kills brother, and neighbor

neighbor; and the Lord is moved to anger against His people, and then repentance. There are not many stories which rise to the terrible climax of a repentant God. This forward and backward movement of the narrative carries, as I say, the truth of great form; and this has helped persuade a hundred generations toward acceptance. They would not have been nearly so impressed had the Commandments been found in a bottle.

WHAT OF the Commandments themselves? The two stone tablets did not allow a great deal of space (even though both sides were engraved) and so we note first their extraordinary ingenuity. In these sixteen brief verses in Exodus are contained, among other things, a



*"And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever." Exod. 19:9*

system of theology ("I am the Lord thy God . . . no other gods . . . thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image"); the beginnings of social legislation ("Six days shalt thou labour"); an outline of social structure ("Honour thy father and thy mother . . ."); and an ethical and moral code ("Thou shalt not . . .").

It is an impressive fact that the first of these has survived as well as any. Where these Commandments have reached there have indeed been "no other gods"; the few words spoken on Sinai have done their unifying work, and have left room for none but the one Lord, the same who is the God of the Jews and the Gentiles, of Pinoza and of those who excommunicated him, of King David and

THE ILLUSTRATIONS are woodcuts from the Nuremberg Bible of 1483, reproduced here by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The cuts first appeared in the Cologne Bible of 1479, now in the Morgan Library, New York.

William James, of Richard the Lion-Hearted and Harry Truman. The victory of these lines has been complete; even in the case of those among us who have no god, This is the One they do not have.

Moving to the next category, we come upon Number Four, and here there is a slight mystery. Why, we may ask, is it included at all? To labor six days and rest on the seventh seems a pleasant scheme of life; why need it be installed in the highest law, and buttressed, as is made clear in Exodus, by the dreadful penalty



And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." *Exod. 20:1-2*

of death? Why is the command to rest stated in prohibitory rather than in cheerfully permissive terms? The answer lies, undoubtedly, in the clause which goes: “. . . thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger . . .”

The astounding fact is that the Commandment is not addressed to sons, or daughters, or servants, or strangers, but to “thou”—who has all of these. But who is “thou”? Who can he be but the property holder, the patriarch, the head of family and farm, the tycoon of the time? If he works, everybody works. If he is forced, on pain of death, to lay off and respect the Sabbath, then his underlings may

rest also. The conclusion is incapable that Number Four is addressed to the bosses.

The passing years have colored each of the Commandments in a different way, but the deepest change has taken place in Number Five. It has even, in our generation, developed a sound effect: the low, surflike murmur rising from hundreds of psychoanalysts' couches, on each of which a patient wrestles with his need to honor his father and his mother, that his days may be long upon the land. And it is impossible for a knowledgeable modern mind to note the particular reward one gets for honoring father and mother—long life—without thinking at once of psychosomatic medicine, of the peptic ulcers and heart flut-



*“I have filled him [Bezaleel] with the spirit of God, in wisdom . . . to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass.” Exod. 31:3-4*



of unknown physical etiology result from disturbed infant relations with Mom and Pop.

But why do I say "Mom and Pop"? Why don't I say "Pop and Mom"? Why do I (like almost of us) reverse the firm Biblical order, which puts Pop first? Has Mom lost his dignity by leaving home (the farm) and taking Pop in that unreal region that is beyond the subway? Has he become the remoter parent, a constant and memory by day, a visitor at night, instead of the implacably visible, implacably working patriarch? Did *Life With Father* tempt us because it was what we call in the comedy trade a "pitch," a funny story about a man being the head of a house? Country boys say "Pop and

Mom" while city boys say "Mom and Pop"? Is Number Five more deeply applicable than ever, except for the order of the words?

And when we turn to Number Ten we find again that a shift in our way of living has produced a shift in meanings and applicability, so that at last a distorting haze seems to stand between ourselves and the Law.

"Thou shalt not covet..." Is it valid? Perhaps, within reasonable limits, so far as coveting thy neighbor's house is concerned, or his wife, or his servants of either sex, or his ox. But what about thy neighbor's customer? Almost our entire business culture rests on coveting *him*. To take thy neighbor's customer has been raised to the level of an American folkway,



they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy Gods, O Israel." Exod. 32:8



backed by a thousand gleeful magazine fictions about the man who got the contract.

Perhaps the uneasy feeling that precept is being ignored is what leads business men to speak so often, with such earnestness, about giving "service." And they do give service. I want to avoid the easy moral stance, the pointed finger, the borrowed scorn. Our trouble goes much deeper than thoughtless violation of a moral law, which could be rectified by a new resolve. For the industrial revolution is, in its way, valid, too; and what we have here is not the spectacle of mankind caught in transgression, but the more dreadful one of mankind caught in conflict. The forces which have taken from man

his patriarchate condemn him also to a life of covetousness; if this be sin, it is a strange kind of sin, one into which man is forced, you might say, by superior numbers. It is sin induced by the climate of our time, as red ears are induced by winter weather.

Note how the rest of the picture fits. "Thou shalt not steal." But Exodus takes a moderate view of an offense against property rights. The thief is to return four sheep for a sheep, and five oxen for an ox. In our time, that which is coveted must be protected; until the last century, death was the punishment for theft, and today at least in New York State, for such offenses mean mandatory life imprisonment.



*"He saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount." Exod. 32:19*

What of offenses against the structure of the family, what of filial piety? "Death!" says the Bible. "No punishment," says our society; the law remains on the statute books as a virtually unenforced relic. It is a remarkable case of a once capital offense dwindling to the level of a peccadillo. A whole category of criminal action has been wiped out. But what has not been wiped out with it is the once rock-like structure of family. Here the distorting haze grows very thick, and we look back, as if from a great distance, at that functional union of family and property which was Old Testament life. The two have floated apart and become separated. Now we can be families without prop-

erty, and property without families. In the Old Testament view, both would be absurdities. But the district attorneys know which absurdity is granted special protection in our acquisitive age.

ONE COULD GO ON and show how Hitler, end product of some of these processes, made horrid nothing of "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." But to stop here, looking longingly backward to an early time, would be to put a reactionary period to a shallow tale of man's deviation from a moral code. There is more to it than that.

It is a story of conflict, of a kind of transgression which is



and he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights . . . And he wrote on the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments." Exod. 34:28

difficult to quit without stepping out of the century in which one lives. Our deviations are built-in, like our plumbing. We stand at the end of an age, children of conflict, double inheritors of *the law* and *the transgression*, both handed down to us in a single package. Even so, we try.

Then suddenly, as from our knees, we propose a United Nations, which is based on "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal." In spite of our individual difficulties with the Law, we strike out boldly into the new field of what might be called group virtue, collective morality. And is not the question of whether we can produce a culture in which theft will again be but a minor incident,

and covetousness a rare and bizarre offense, exactly the great question of our time? Isn't the debate of our day precisely this: whether our beloved democracy or one of the faceless systems can best lead us into the kind of life in which we can afford these virtues, because they, too, will then be built-in?

So it is not a story of men who are lost, but of men who are fighting; fighting themselves, among others. At this point, one of many new sciences, psychoanalysis, taps him on the shoulder, and says: "About adultery, now. Don't know whether it is a crime, but it's clear, old boy, that it's a kind of sickness. It's a babyish effort to make up, by having several families, s



"And Moses did look upon all the work, and, behold, they had done it as the Lord had commanded, even so had they done it: and Moses blessed them." *Exod. 39:43*

to speak, for not having one that gives full satisfaction. And covetousness, oh, my! Power drive, you know, based on inferiority feelings. A most painful illness."

It is of grim importance that at the very apex of the age of science, science itself suddenly withdraws sanction from the materialist code which has nursed it, and proclaims

that our heroes are ill, at least the additive and acquisitive ones. It finds these facts, it says, in a careful study of the youth of any man. But one wonders whether memories of another sort have not got mingled into the stream, stemming unconsciously from something quite different, the youth of man.

—18—

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## 48 FOOTNOTE

# THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
5. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.



By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

# A MOVIE NAMED *La Terra Trema*

An American playwright visiting Sicily unearths the secret of one of those much-admired Italian films.

[Shortly after the war, an Italian film, *Open City*, moved into a small theatre in New York. It was simple, at times almost crude, and it had obviously been made on a shoestring, but the critics, impressed by its naturalness and uncommon humanity, received it with high praise. It ran for almost a year and was shown in many cities. Its successors, *To Live in Peace*, *Shoe Shine*, and *Paisan*, were equally unpretentious, but equally moving, and of equal artistic quality. Here a leading American playwright, author of *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, provides a valuable insight into how fine films can be made, not in Hollywood, but in Catania, Sicily; not with money and equipment, but with art and people.—*The Editors*.]

I AM IN Sicily to watch the making of *La Terra Trema*, an Italian film which will be shown in English as *The Earth Shall Tremble*. I became interested in this film while in Rome, when I was shown a collection of stills that were the most beautiful photographs of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen. These pictures were in the possession of Donald

Downes, a gentleman of international connections who looks like a pleasantly depraved Roman emperor such as Tiberius, talks like a character out of Dashiell Hammett, and is now engaged in raising money for the picture.

Practically everything about this film is being done "on the cuff." Those involved in it are raising the capital as they go

along. Compared to Hollywood budgets, theirs is minuscule—about a hundred thousand dollars. They are also “shooting on the cuff.” Each day’s sequence is prepared the night before. There are no script writers. In fact, there are not even any actors. The performers are fishermen and their families in the little Sicilian village of Aci Trezza, and the story is a simple chronicle of their lives.

The director of this film is an Italian nobleman named Count Luchino Visconti. Visconti is a member of one of the historically important families of Italy but he is now associated with the Italian proletariat. He was the man who directed *The Glass Menagerie* in Italy, where it was known as *Zoo di Vetro*. *Menagerie* made a tour of all the big Italian cities and did well everywhere but in Milan, where for some reason it expired precipitately.

HERE ARE SOME parenthetical observations about the Italian theatre. First of all, it’s hardly in a very flourishing condition. In Italy most of the wealth (by which I mean money sufficient to live on) is now in the hands of a *nouveau riche*, who made money during the war from the black market. These are the people who usually attend the theatre, because they are the ones who can afford to buy theatre tickets. They are particularly bad on opening nights. Their women

all come wearing enormous hats and drenched in suffocating perfumes. Visconti said it smelled like the waiting-room of what is known in our Southern states as a sporting-house. When *Menagerie* opened in Rome, Visconti avoided this crowd by issuing first-night tickets through the labor unions to workers. The result, he said, was a tremendous improvement. They all bathed for the occasion, the auditorium had the good clean smell of laundry soap, and the play was very warmly received.

Picture-making is more alive at the moment, and the films a great deal more original than the plays. The international Mr. Downes was flying down to Sicily with a couple of potential backers—“angels”—and after seeing those stills I was determined to go along with them. And I did, in spite of the fact that I hate flying and hate it even more when flying over water in a converted Douglas bomber that has more patches than a pair of Sicilian pants. The potential backers did not like flying any better than I but they masked their nervousness by making fun of mine.

We flew from Rome along the Apennines and down to the toe of the boot. During the course of the flight I washed down three quarter-grains of phenobarbital with three shots of cognac. Then I lit a cigarette. It was hardly lighted when Mr. Downes turned around

and remarked, "Be careful how you dispose of that cigarette. This plane is highly inflammable."

But it seemed more likely that we would go down in water than up in flames, for just at this point the plane entered a region of capricious air-currents and began to make surprising dips toward the Bay of Naples below. The backers turned blue-green with anticipation, a color that I saw once before—on the face of Howard Reinheimer\* at a New Haven opening. I probably became an even more anxious color, but Mr. Downes only turned round in his seat again, and remarked, "We are crossing the weather front." I asked him what that was.

"That," he said, "is where the weather of Africa meets the weather of Europe." Well, I thought to myself, that's O.K. as long as it isn't where I meet the Bay of Naples. And apparently the backers had similar thoughts, for presently the husband of the couple began to reach under his seat for a cardboard container that wasn't there. The wife got up and assisted him to the rear of the plane, where he remained for a while. She returned to her seat looking apologetic.

"Gino is such an unselfish man," she told me. "He doesn't worry about himself, he worries about

his family and his business." Just how she figured that out I don't know.

At the toe of the boot we came to rest in a very rough field of small yellow flowers. There a second plane was waiting for us. It looked like a poor country cousin of the first, and it appeared for a while that Gino would not be persuaded to risk his family and his business in that second plane. However, there was no alternative unless he chose to remain indefinitely in the field of small yellow flowers. After a long consultation his wife got him aboard. "You know," she told me, again apologetically, "my husband has done very well these last few years in his business and he doesn't think it is intelligent of a man who is doing well to take unnecessary chances in a cheap plane."

I thought it was extremely tactless of Mr. Downes to tell us that this "cheap plane" was going to take us directly over the fiery crater of Mt. Etna. But that's what it did, exactly as Downes had predicted. We landed safely on the other side, only about twenty minutes away from the village of Aci Trezza, in which the picture was being made. We drove directly out to the location, for it was nearly sunset and there would be no shooting after dark.

The location that afternoon was

(Continued on page 111)

\*New York attorney and an "angel" of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.



## The Family Velastro

**Their story is the plot of *The Earth Shall Tremble***

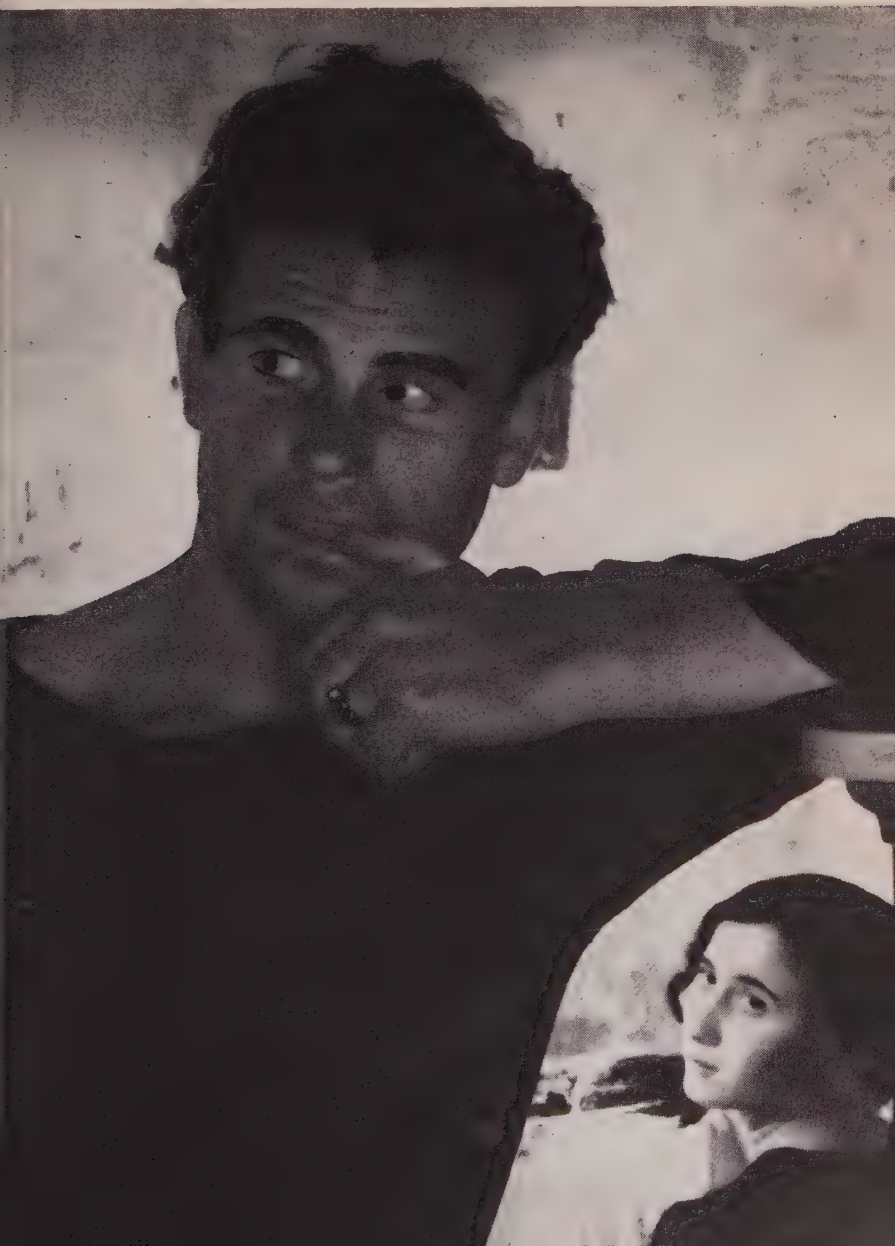
Tennessee Williams calls the pictures on the following pages, made by P. Ronald during production of the film, "the most beautiful photographs of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen." The people are the rugged, sensitive, earthy villagers of Aci Trezza—the characters in *The Earth Shall Tremble*. Actors in the simple story of the ruin of a Sicilian fisherman's family, they are also playing themselves; the fictional Valestros' struggle to wrest a living from the sea is the players' real-life struggle—and its effects are etched on their expressive faces.



*THE SON. A sense of impending disaster is caught in this brooding picture of*



*toni who, as his family watches, hatches a risky scheme to better their fortune.*







*The sisters' smiles (above) are those of a people content with simple joys. But (below) one stroke of ill-luck upsets the older girl's romance with a neighbor.*



*THE DAUGHTERS, enacting a role familiar to all women of Aci Trezza, await the fishermen's return. Calamity strikes when the family boat is wrecked.*

**A MOVIE NAMED LA TERRA TREMA**





**THE WAIF.** *Liute Macarone, who did odd jobs for the Velastros, is untouched by the disaster. As before, he has the Sicilian sun, a crust of bread, and little else.*

in a steep hillside between the intensely blue Ionian Sea and the snow-y peak of Mt. Etna with its faint plume of purple-grey smoke. The hillside was covered with two kinds of trees, olive and a type of flowering almond I had never seen before. It has a white blossom, much smaller and lacier than Southern dogwood but with the same luminous effect you would get if you covered the woods with thousands of little white candles. At the foot of the orchard, between the hillside and the bay, were the pink tile roofs of the fishing village.

At first sight you think to yourself, What a wonderful country for painters! But actually the colors are too rich and florid. If you painted them at all faithfully the effect would be that of a calendar picture, all pinks, blues, and violets—much too extravagant for anything but nature.

As we arrived, a crowd scene was being shot. I was amazed at the freedom of the choral action. These people are born actors. They have no self-consciousness whatsoever. Tell them to laugh and they obey as if you had cracked a magnificent joke. Tell them to cry and they weep as if their hearts were broken. They had no make-up on their faces and the lighting was sunlight and their costumes were ordinary apparel that was in a state of pathetic dis-

repair but fit them with dignity and grace.

The story of the picture is extremely simple. It has to do, obliquely, with the collapse of Italian feudalism, but it is told in terms of a single family's dissolution in the face of new economic conditions. The events are those of familiar life on the island. A young boy runs away, an old man dies, an innocent girl is seduced and betrayed by a racketeer, a home is broken up and finally lost.

The end is not quite tragic, any more than the lives of these people ordinarily are tragic. They have a spirit of endurance and a gift for survival which are finally the qualities that make a great people, and in addition to those granite virtues they have a tenderness toward life and the living which was no doubt responsible for the extraordinary beauty I had seen in the photographs of their faces.

**T**HERE IS NO real scenario, as we understand the term. There is only a rough story-treatment which exists mostly in the mind of the autocratic producer-director, Count Visconti. He thinks it is better that way, and from the results so far, he appears to be right. He is a youngish man—I would say about 36—and he looks the way an Italian nobleman is supposed



*Count Visconti, the film's director.*

to look. He is lean and dark, with glossy black hair, a patrician profile, and a look of inflammable repose.

When we arrived on the set, he raised one palm in a gesture of greeting or benediction or both, and then immediately resumed his attitude of dreamy contemplation, chin resting on wrist and slumberous eyes gazing from actors to camera to scribbled notes and then out to the dazzling blue sea, while the protagonists waited patiently for their next piece of direction and the technicians went quietly and breathlessly about their interminable business. . . .

This afternoon the sun is too strong and the light must be fil-

tered for close-ups. This is done by elevating a huge white veil on a couple of poles and holding it over the heads of the principal actors. The scene to be played is a love-scene. The protagonists are a handsome but rascally young fisherman and a naive girl of 16. Visconti gets up lazily and begins to work with the girl's head. He clasps it in his hands and turns it this way and that way as if it were a piece of clay. He even puts his fingers on her lips and shapes them into a smile. Her face is as pliable as modeling clay. At last he is satisfied with the angle and expression of the face for the close-up.

Then he tells her what she is to say in response to the fisherman. He gives her only the idea and she is to put it into her own words.

The language of Sicily is so different from Italian that sometimes the two peoples have difficulty in understanding each other. The sound-track of the film is entirely in the Sicilian tongue, and that is partly why the natives have to compose the speeches for themselves. However, they have a natural eloquence that turns this difficulty into an advantage. The meaning of the words is clear even if you are totally unacquainted with either Sicilian or Italian. And the actors love their work. How they love it! The words come freely, without any hesitation at all, and their faces are lit

th poetic feeling. And you understand how badly a people need some form of common self-expression such as acting in this film about their own everyday lives.

The film making has been going on since November and it will continue until June. They are all paid a little for their work, very little indeed, but a little goes a long way in a country where living has not changed appreciably in five hundred years. There are homes, for instance, in which all the members of a family, including three generations, sleep in a single bed. Their food is spaghetti and fish and the fruit of the country, which is exceptionally sweet—especially the oranges, which have a blood-red pulp and almost no seeds.

THAT EVENING, after supper, we all went to a movie-house in the near-by city of Catania to see some “rushes” of the picture as it now stands, about half way to completion. There is already a tremendous footage of film. It ran for over two hours and even though it was not in narrative sequence, it had a simple power that stirred me deeply.

Now, there is a common superstition, especially in the States, that wealthy people are not often stirred by poetry, that it is interesting only to the poor. I am happy to say that our two backers were a living demonstration of

the error in such an assumption. When the screening was completed and the lights went up again, their eyes were red with weeping.

I had had supper with the wife while the husband remained on the set to talk business with Mr. Downes and the Count. She was still apologizing for her husband's behavior over the second plane. “We are very happy,” she told me, “especially since my husband made so much money, and happy people are silly to risk their lives. For these poor fishermen—yes! They have so little to live for, why not take chances? But we—!” And so the following morning, which is today, they left by the boat that takes all day and all night, crawling to Naples. I wish I could tell you that they had assumed all expenses for *The Earth Shall Tremble*, but the truth is never that much stranger than fiction. They were too happy to risk it!

But the picture goes on, patiently and hopefully, the actors laugh with the freedom of birds among the flowering almonds, and Count Visconti makes notes and turns their faces this way and that way and sometimes looks dreamily out at the dazzling Ionian Sea. That is how it is made, “shooting on the cuff,” and some day in the faraway dark of the American movie houses you will see these figures in this intense golden light, and I don't believe they will seem like strangers to you.

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# The Walls

**Expanded to mural size, Steinberg's pen-line comments on Cincinnati are larger, and funnier, than life.**

**S**AUL STEINBERG, creator of wonderfully sardonic cartoon commentaries on man's foibles and fantasies, has temporarily turned his talent from magazine pages to murals.

Commissioned by Cincinnati's new Hotel Terrace Plaza to decorate a dining room wall, 100 feet wide by 14 feet high, Steinberg spent a week absorbing local color in the Ohio city. He did not, however, fill his pad with representational sketches of places and people. Reality to Steinberg lies not in the literal, physical shape of things but in the composite of impressions which they leave with the observer, plus some indefinable inner essence—indefinable, that is, except by a Steinberg drawing. "The appearance of things is nothing," he insists. "You have to get a sort of juice out of them."

In getting the juice out of Cincinnati, Steinberg concentrated on dwellings ("complicated German Gothic"), skyscrapers ("houses

put one on top of the other"), public buildings ("mixed up copies of everything in Europe"), and women, a favorite subject ("decorated with feathers and zippers and things—like walking hats").

When it came to transferring his impressions from page size to a mural, Steinberg used a #5 brush in place of his usual crow-quill pen. Since each of these is among the smallest in its respective category, that was like exchanging a needle for a toothpick. He painted his flat, perspectiveless images in black outlines on white canvas panels, 10 feet wide, employing color sparingly for accent only. Because of this, the mural acquires the remarkable aspect of a design in white; and this conception, according to Steinberg, achieves a sense of decoration without "breaking the wall" and without impairing the architectural balance of the room.

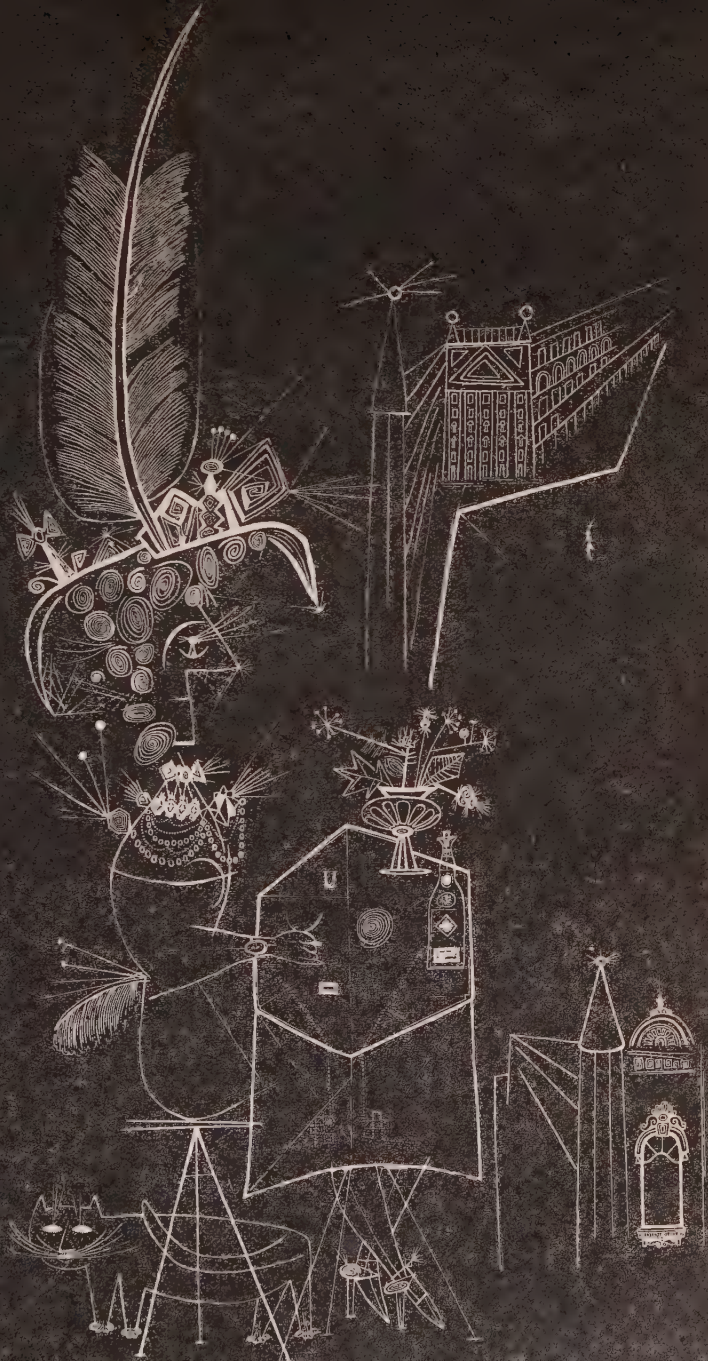
*In a New York studio Steinberg works on a section of the 100-foot mural.*

# Have Laughs





*In one panel of the mural (above) Steinberg has brought together some of Cincinnati's more imposing buildings, the Ohio river, and a lady of fashion, all presided over by a soaring nymph. At right is a detail (originally black on white) from a panel showing a woman whose most amazing features are her hat, jewels, and rigid coiffure.*





*A story by Henry Treece*

# PROLOGUE TO FEAR

I AM A VERY SENSITIVE MAN. I might have been a very fine poet, I believe, if I had not had humor to match my sensitivity; though in appearance I resemble much more a musician. My long, slim, white hands give that impression.

Yes, as I look at myself in the mirror, I am forced to admit that I am much impressed by my own appearance. I am tall and sparely built, with broad shoulders and a fine head. My black hair emphasizes the pallor of my complexion and matches the darkness of my eyes, which are large and searching.

I am, I might say, very attractive to women; though more often than not I am bored by them.

Sometimes I feel that I belong to a higher order of humanity than do most of my fellows: an order dependent for its power not on brute strength, but on an almost indefinable acuteness and sharpness of perception, on an incisive personality. Physically, I am weak; yet my personality makes me stronger than the strongest. There is a strange balance of strength and weakness in my make-up. I expect it is that which the women like, since they can sense it in themselves. While conscious of my strength, I am able to project myself into the personality of

*Woodcuts by Fritz Eichenberg*



the weakest men. I learn why they are weak, and why I, in my weakness, am strong. And I reach the inevitable conclusion that the mice of the world give in far too easily to the cats.

Often at night, sitting in my room, I have watched the confident spider tormenting the foolish fly; and I have thought how, if I were the fly, I would kill the spider. . . . Yet it has sometimes caused me some effort to orientate myself, and to remember which creature I was—the spider or the fly. For I find it fascinatingly easy to be either. . . .

**I** FIRST MET LOTTIE, the little blonde from the tobacconists' next door to the Brasserie de Paris, a year ago. Superficially she was quite attractive, though too empty-headed to live with permanently. A gaily foolish little creature, with enough sense to run a small house for a bank clerk or an insurance agent, but no more. From the start, she would not leave me alone, interpreting my smallest politeness as an act of love, following me around, ringing me up twice a day, and writing pages of drivel to me if I did not see her for a week.

Naturally, she was not my type; I incline to something a little more sophisticated, a little more cruelly subtle. Not that Lottie didn't try to be subtle, in her own way. Yes, she attempted to make me jealous when she began to suspect that I did not really care for her. She tried to attract me by introducing me to Joe, to whom she had been engaged, in a loose sort of way, for a couple of years.

I found Joe to be the most pathetic creature in the world. A great, hulking fellow, as tough as they come, with a broken nose and a scar down one side of his face where a bottle had struck him. His looks proclaimed his nature: he was the most obvious sort of racecourse bully.

Over all his toughness hovered an immense pathos. This man, for all his animal strength, was incapable of dealing with any problem that couldn't be solved with a blackjack or a knife. His incapacity showed in his manner, in his face and

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**Henry Treece**, British poet and critic, is working on his first novel when not pursuing his two hobbies: boogie-woogie and breeding sheep dogs. **Fritz Eichenberg's** engravings appear in fine editions of the classics.



bearing, as soon as we met. I treated him politely and with a certain restrained contempt, addressing him but rarely, and then with a quiet smile. Lottie seemed to love it all. Joe obviously hated me, but he had no means of hurting me. I shall never forget that first meeting.

Later, when Lottie came to see me in my rooms one night, she tried again to use Joe as her forcing card. "Oh," she said, "if Joe only knew, there would be hell to pay. I hope he doesn't find out."

It was a subtle form of blackmail. So I replied: "Very well, please forget it all. Go back home now. I will go and call you a cab. Then you will have nothing on your conscience. Nothing that Joe need not know about." I made to get up and go to the door, but she was already in tears, begging me to let her stay, insisting that Joe could never possibly find out and that if he did, well, he could go and drown himself, for all she cared.

It was her desire, and therefore my suggestion, since I always did her the honor of the courteous anticipation, that she spend most of the following summer at my fisherman's cottage in Cornwall. And the next spring we stayed in Paris.

She had learned not to mention Joe to me by that time. His ineffectuality irritated me. He could have crushed the life out of me with one of his great red hands. Yet, when I invited him to my flat to talk about Lottie, all he did was to mumble and stutter and twist his cap in perspiring hands. Then he went home and wrote Lottie a letter, full of stupid self-abasement. It was pathetic in the extreme. I saw the letter: the soiled envelope, the unformed writing, the clumsy constructions, and the mistakes in spelling. He wrote:

"Come back to me, Lottie dear. And I won't never hold it against you. I promise, on my word of honor. But only come back to me and leave him. You shall have anything your heart desires if you will, darling one, I dream of you every minute. My head keeps on going round with the thought of it."

I was amused at, yet at the same time angry with, this girl, who could treat Joe like that. What right had she to act in such a manner? That night I had a sharp talk with her. She left my



flat in the small hours, weeping bitterly and vulgarly, like the crafty little baggage she was.

I wished her a polite good night, and bolted the door so that she could not come back.

Actually, she tried to do so. I heard her fumbling at the door some time later, as I was settling down in bed, smoking my last cigarette before putting out my light. I smiled, especially when she overcame her pride sufficiently to call softly up at the window. "Let me in. I will forgive you this once. . ." I switched off the light and went to sleep.

When I heard that she was pregnant. I sent her a check and went to stay with relatives in Sutherlandshire. It was more convenient for us all that way. I was annoyed with her, I don't mind confessing. She was so obviously the sort who was brave while having a good time, but who started whining when things went wrong. Besides, she was taking up too much of my time; she was interrupting my work and disturbing my associations with my friends—to whom, naturally. I could not introduce her.

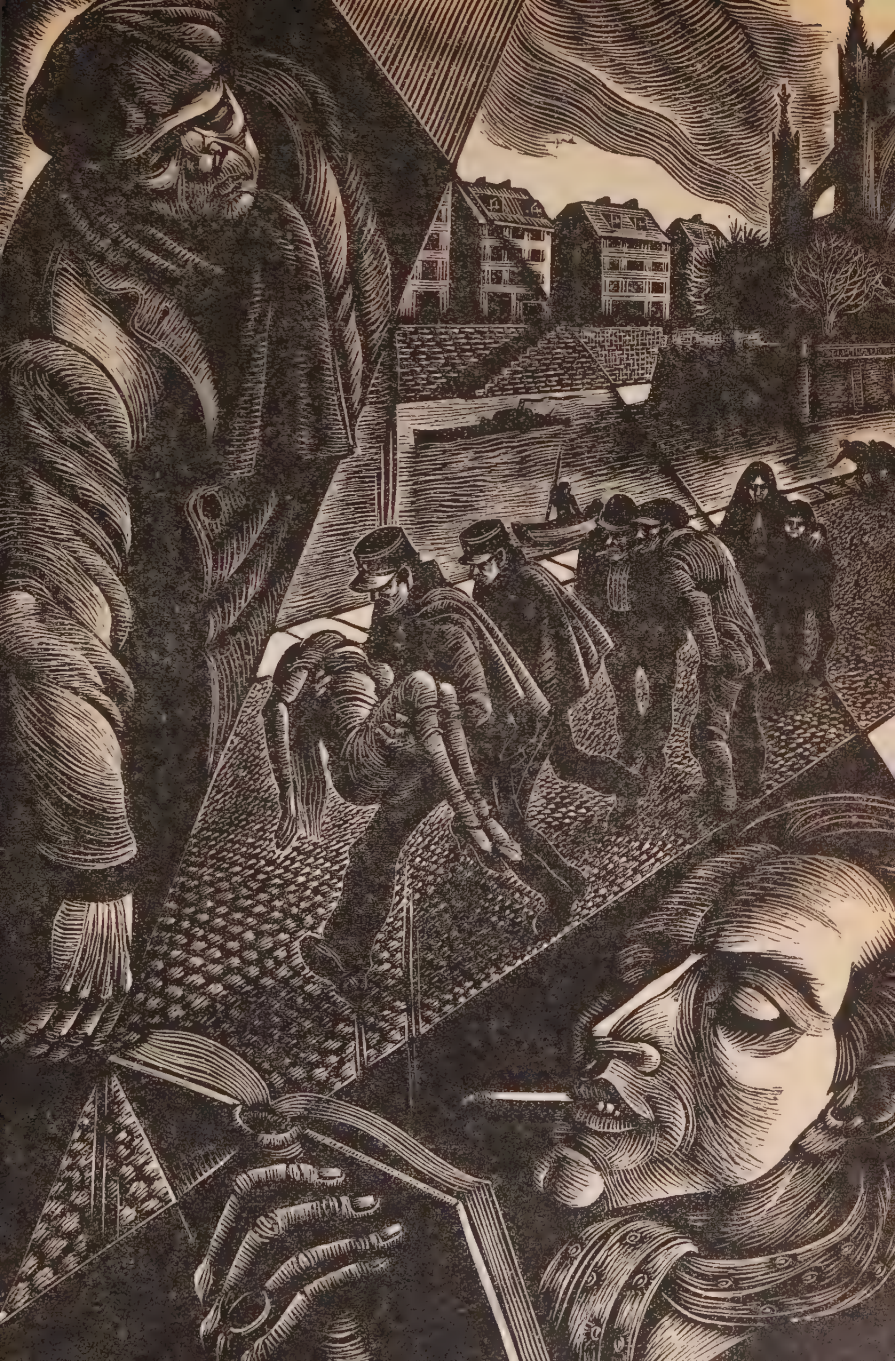
I was away a long time—perhaps three months. I forget. I remember only that it was an extraordinarily fine summer.

**M**Y FIRST NIGHT BACK in the flat I spent looking through my treasures; dusting my books, reading my mail, sorting my phonograph records. I had just finished dinner and was sitting back with a cup of coffee, when I heard the letter-box click. I went out and picked up an envelope, addressed in Joe's childishly inept handwriting. My initial feeling was one of annoyance that this hooligan should so invade my privacy, particularly as by that time I had almost forgotten about the whole sordid business. But when I had read the first sentence, I was spellbound that Joe should have achieved such dignity of expression. The letter ran:

"The girl is dead. The girl whose decent good name you destroyed has died by her own hand. She was got from the canal last Tuesday.

"Rest assured, if there is any way I can make you suffer for this, I shall do it. Nothing will be too much for me. I would follow you to the ends of the earth. I shall never forget you."

I was rather perturbed by the news of the girl's death. She



was a fool, but she still deserved a better end. Nevertheless, I could not help promising myself that, in the future, I would form associations only with women who knew what they were about—grown-up, intelligent women.

The immediate problem, however, was Joe. Quite obviously, he felt that he had some duty to perform to the dead girl, some score to pay off with me. And I could not help sympathizing with him. I could see his point of view, to some extent; though I felt that he was perhaps being a little theatrical.

What was apparent was that from now on he regarded himself as my enemy. He would attempt to pay me off, I had no doubt. I decided that I would test the limits of his ability and fervor. The next two nights, I did not go out. Instead, I put out my light at varying times during the evenings, and watched from my window opening onto the street. On the second night there was no doubt about it: Joe was waiting on the other side of the street, almost directly opposite my door, in the shadow of a house. He waited there most of the evening. And he came back the next night and waited again. There was something sinister about his dumb, patient figure, dimly lit in the lamp-light, staring up at my window; not seeing that I was watching him too, from the other side of the pane. I almost felt a shiver run down my spine as I looked at him. Then I remembered the measure of the man, and became confident again.

All the same, I decided not to take any chances, and the next day I moved out of my flat, leaving much of my stuff to be collected later, to another district about three miles away. If Joe followed me here, I should know that he was serious.

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, while strolling near my new flat, I noticed a gunsmith's shop on a corner. I had a sudden impulse to try out an extremely simple theory. So I went into the shop and asked the meek little man behind the counter, "Do you have much demand for small arms these days?"

At first, he seemed afraid to answer, so I went on, "I am asking for a very definite reason. I happen to be in need of a small pistol of some sort. To tell you the truth, I have on my premises some thousands of pounds' worth of uncut stones.



Sooner or later I feel sure that I shall receive a visitor, and I want to be in a position to protect my property."

The transparency of the story did not seem to trouble the little gunsmith. "Well, sir," he said, "I haven't anything in stock that would suit you, I'm afraid. Nor can I promise you anything. I have to be so careful about that sort of thing. But if you'd come in early this morning, I could have let you have a lovely little Colt. in perfect order, and fifty rounds of ammunition. That's the point. the ammunition. You can often get the revolver without much trouble. but it's getting ammunition for it. I never take a pistol without at least twenty-five rounds. But there, another gent. in a similar position to you, got in first; I'm sorry."

I clucked with understanding. I had got onto the trail I wanted. I felt sure. "Tell me." I said. "is £25 a fair price to ask for such a weapon? You see. I think I know the gentleman who bought from you today. At least. I met a man in the public-house on the corner who said he had just been lucky enough to get a revolver. When I told him I needed one, he offered me his, for £25."

The gunsmith looked annoyed. "I may be speaking out of turn, sir," he said. "but since you ask me. I will say that, in my opinion. and it is the results of thirty years in the trade, no pistol of the type you mention is worth more than fifteen guineas. at the outside. The gentleman was trying to pull a fast one, if I might say so. And if we are talking about the same gentleman. he was asking a considerable amount more than he paid me for the same weapon. I wonder if you would care to tell me what he looked like, sir?"

"Certainly." I said. "He was a small, fair-haired man, with a limp. He was wearing a grey overcoat. to the best of my recollection."

The gunsmith looked relieved. "Oh no, sir," he said. "The one who came here was big; nearly as tall as yourself. He looked like a pugilist from his nose, and he carried a long scar down the side of his face."

I made myself laugh. "Good." I said heartily. "I'm glad I wasn't being made a fool of! I don't like to think that." As I left,



I could hear the little warning bell on the shop door ringing plainly. The chase was on in earnest now. But what an obvious fool Joe was, to buy a gun from a shop so close to my house! What if the police ever needed to take a hand in the affair? He could so easily be identified, and in my district, too. Or was Joe a little smarter than I had given him credit for? Did he expect me to check up at the gunsmith's, to become frightened when I learned that he was the purchaser of a firearm, that he was trailing me down as he had promised in his note? If this was to be a war of nerves, I would make him desperate before he should worry me.

Consequently, with this end in view, I went on a tour of my friends, not out of fear, but merely to puzzle my enemy, staying one night in one place, two nights in the next, then back home for a night, then off again, for a fortnight. He never knew where I was to sleep, and during the cold spell we had about that time, he must have spent many weary hours cursing me as his feet got more and more frozen.

At last I returned to my usual habits, and went home, to take my risk of death. There was more spice in the act of unlocking my front door than I had ever known before! I am very sensitive to atmospheres, you see. And then the fun started.

**I**T WAS NOVEMBER, Lottie having died in the early autumn, while I was in Scotland, and the streets were quite dark after teatime each day. Three nights after I had returned, I decided to walk out to the nearest tube station and take a train into town, to have dinner at the Majorca, or the Café Royal, or one of the other places where I might count on meeting one or another of my friends. It was about 6:30 in the evening, and the street-lamps had been lit for some time. I had taken the elementary precaution of looking through my window before setting out. No one was in sight. So I opened the front door and stepped outside. My heart almost stopped beating! A man suddenly appeared, not more than twenty-five yards away, under a lamp, and pointed his hand at me. Then I heard two reports. I had been fired at. Either the bullets had gone very wide, or they had been duds. Although I was frightened, I

made myself laugh out loud. And walked down my steps into the street. Yes, it was Joe. Joe, staring at the smoking revolver in his hand, wondering how he had missed me, afraid now at his own violence! And as I watched, he pulled his cap down over his eyes and ran, scuttling across the road, running zig-zag, as though he was afraid I would fire back at him!

I knew then that, revolver or no revolver, Joe was afraid of me. I spent a very pleasant evening with friends in Piccadilly, and returned home without any fears.

I GAVE JOE A WEEK to get his self-respect back. After that, I must expect him again, perhaps with a new weapon—this time a weapon he was more used to handling. And so, six nights later, I was not surprised to see that the basement curtain was fluttering in the midnight breeze when I returned home from a first performance of *Peter Grimes* in town. My heart fluttered as I unlocked the front door. I whistled to myself as I reached round the door and switched on the light before entering. There was no one in the hall. I went upstairs, keeping an eye on all half-open doors, cupboards, and so on. No one there. He must be in my study, I thought.

At the door of the study, I waited. For five minutes, perhaps, though I thought it would drive me mad. I waited, in the dark, tapping a monotonous rhythm on the door panels with one fingernail. If Joe was inside, he was sitting in the dark. He was waiting for me, for a man he was intending to kill. He was even more highly strung for the occasion than I was, perhaps, being less intelligent. I tapped on, in the dark, the muscles of the back of my leg trembling, the skin of my chest creeping with a strange coldness. I could have tapped on forever, holding death away by the length of my fingernail!

Then suddenly, out of the darkness on the other side of the door, a voice shouted out hoarsely, "Come in, damn you. Have you gone mad? Come in, or I will come out to you!"

I waited a moment, then opened the door softly, and switched on the light. Yes, Joe was there, standing by my desk, his forehead running with sweat. There was nothing in his hands. I took off my hat and coat and walked over to the desk, passing

it on the opposite side from Joe. I should have liked to walk past him, but did not think the risk worth the result I hoped for.

"Well, what can I do for you to-night?" I asked as I sat down, smiling up at him.

He leaned forward over my desk. His face was twisted into what he intended to be a smile. "You can do nothing for me, you tricky swine. I have come to do it for myself this time. And no near misses, either."

He stood back and gloated at me. His hand moved into his breast pocket, and I knew he had a knife there. He was looking so confident that I regretted having to shorten the scene. But I had no time to play with, and I reached quickly over to the phone on the desk and dialled "O." The operator excelled herself for once, and I gave her my number immediately.

"Put that down," Joe said, "Put it down, now!"

I left the phone uncovered and spoke to Joe. "Too late, old boy," I said. "The operator can hear every word we say. She knows my number, and has probably dialled the police to ask them to check on this place. There'll be a constable waiting at the door for you, if you don't get out of the way pretty smartly."

The trick was so obvious, so threadbarely schoolboyish, that I wouldn't have attempted it with anyone else. But it worked with Joe, so successfully that I could have broken down and roared with laughter before him. He glared at me, and his face twisted itself in a spasm of anger. "God damn you," he shouted. "I'll get you yet. I'm not finished yet."

He slammed the front door as he passed into the street. I put the phone to my ear. An acid voice was speaking. "Well, do you think you've wasted enough of my time yet? What service can I get you now?"

"I'm extremely sorry, miss," I answered, "we are having a party here, and I'm afraid some of us are being rather foolish. I'm sorry. It won't happen again. Good night."

I went to bed after that, and took the precaution of locking my door. I was half-ashamed of myself for doing so, but I felt that Joe was reaching the point when he might forget his nature, and attack with purpose and decision. I felt that we had reached the climax of our strange relationship. I knew that it

was time for me to make my own plans of campaign. I lay in bed until well after four o'clock, deciding what I might expect Joe to do now, and working out the appropriate countermove.

For the next few nights I did not go into town, but with great regularity and self-control switched off my light promptly at seven o'clock and left my house by the front door, walking down the street as far as its junction with Ormond Road, turning right towards Adelaide Place, then across the open square and along Allendale Lane, (one of the small streets leading off the Place), turning right again at a large board hoarding which covered both sides of the corner, and so back along Gosforth Road into my own street.

If Joe was watching me, as I had no doubt he was, he would have a good idea of my movements after seven in the evening. He would know which points on the route would provide him with the best possibilities of a successful ambush, considering both the elements of cover and loneliness. And I had no doubt at all that he would choose the spot covered by the hoarding. That is, he would follow the plan of action I deduced as being most appropriate to his special simplicity.

**B**Y THE THIRD NIGHT, I felt that Joe would consider the time ripe for his next attack; he would by now have checked and double-checked my movements and have decided on his own plan. So that evening, punctually at seven, I walked to the front door. I had on a black coat and hat, and had taken the precaution of wearing my thinnest-soled dancing-pumps. I sensed that Joe was watching me from somewhere, and so, as I walked down the steps into the street, I forced myself to whistle a gay dance tune. Wherever Joe was, I knew he would be saying, "Go on, whistle your head off, damn you. It's the last chance you'll get!"

So I set off down the street, with a good swinging step, though careful not to upset my usual timing. I turned up Ormond Street and in five minutes reached Adelaide Place. But to-night I did not cross the square; instead, I turned off sharp short of Allendale Lane, into a small street leading in the same direction. My timing must have been perfect, and I found



myself near the hoarding about three minutes earlier than I would have done had I taken my usual route. But this time I approached the hoarding from the opposite corner.

As I neared it. I moved quietly in its shadow, until I came up to it. Then I waited. The street was completely deserted. At first, I heard only the wind rustling a piece of old newspaper along the street, and the sputtering of the street-lamp. Then suddenly I heard what I had expected to hear: a man breathing, on the other side of the hoarding, breathing with effort and strain, as though he too was listening. I waited a little longer. The man was muttering to himself, almost gibbering. He was working himself up into a mindless frenzy. I knew he was cold. I could hear his teeth chattering. He was cold and afraid.

I looked at my watch. He was expecting me to come round the corner any time now. He would be ready with his knife or his revolver. I fancied somehow that it would be the knife again to-night.

Moving quickly and silently in my dancing-pumps, I edged round the corner of the hoarding, and almost bumped into Joe! His back was toward me. his cap pulled well down over his face. I could see that he held a knife in his left hand. That interested me, as I had not observed previously that he was left-handed. Or perhaps his knife technique depended on clutching his opponent with the right hand, while the left made the insertion. I felt that I wanted to ask him all about it.

He was bent half-forward, straining to hear my footsteps as I approached the corner. I stood as close as I dared, almost touching him. I am very tall when I hold myself up straight. I stood bolt upright in the shadow. The minutes passed, and Joe's breathing became more and more tense. His mumbling had stopped, and he was sobbing quietly to himself now.

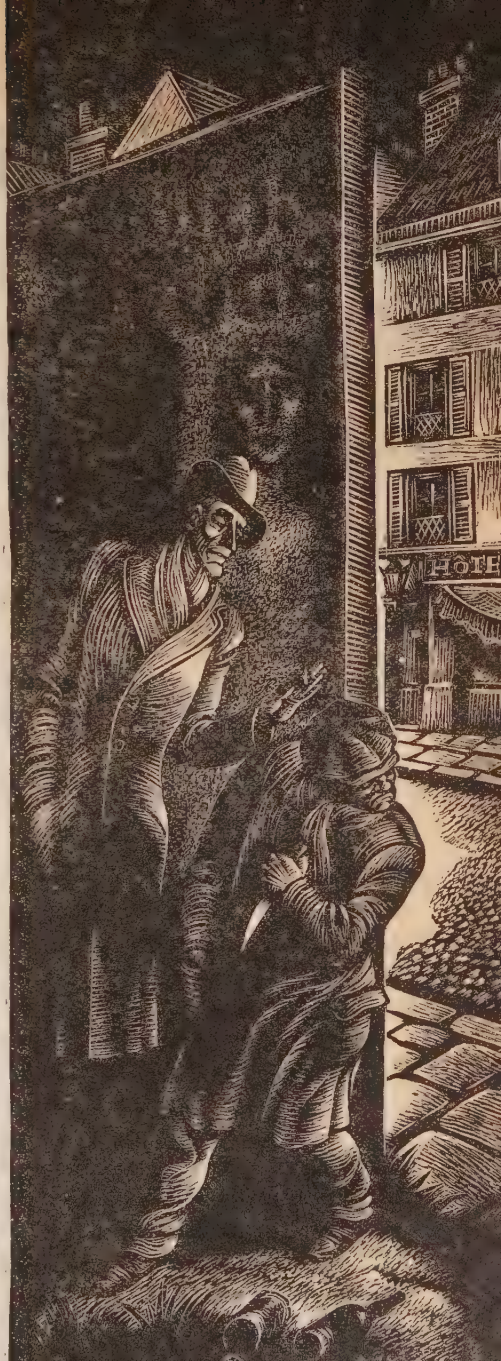
Then suddenly he played right into my hands. "Where are you?" he said. "God damn you to hell, where are you?" I touched him gently on the shoulder and spoke deeply and calmly. "I am here, Joe. I am waiting for you." I could imagine what my face would look like in the reflected lamplight.

Joe spun round, his hands dropped to his side, and stared up at me. I saw his eyes open wide and protrude as though they

ould start from their sockets. His  
arse mouth fell open, then his  
s came together loose and wet,  
d he mouthed as though he had  
en deprived of the power of  
eech. I stood still, smiling into  
face. Then, as though he had  
en struck down by a seizure, he  
l toward me, his hands going up  
his heart, and he dropped on his  
ce at my feet.

I continued standing still for a  
w moments, then, as he lay mo-  
nless, I felt that my act was over,  
d bent over him to roll him onto  
back. By the flame of my  
lter, I could see that the front  
his overcoat was black with  
ood. The knife meant for me had  
ssed up to the handle into his  
est. I rolled the body into the  
rkest shadow of the hoarding,  
d made my way back to my  
use.

I had been out a little less than  
hour, and was back in time to  
ear a magnificent broadcast of  
e Grieg *Piano Concerto*, my fa-  
rite work in that form. When I  
urted out, I had been afraid that  
might miss its splendid opening  
ovement, and I was relieved to  
d that I hadn't done so. I am  
ertain that there is nothing more  
ntle and soothing in the whole  
orld of music than that exquisite  
cond movement: it restores one's  
ith in humanity, almost. —48—



# LETTERS TO 48

## ROSS OF THE NEW YORKER

SIRS: Your two-number item, *Ross of The New Yorker* ['48 March and April], arouses me to action. . . . I'd like to mail you a deadly parallel of fact and fiction in a *New Yorker* Profile of me ["Socrates Afloat," August 25, 1945]. Why do I do this? Because, as the king's nakedness was unperceived by all but the child, so, it would seem, all magazinedom is hypnotized into the conviction of what is glaringly not so: that *The New Yorker* is factually accurate. . . .

Outside of "Socrates Afloat," my factual knowledge of *The New Yorker* is just about nil. But a modest degree of experience with *homo sapiens*, and a slight awareness of theories of probability, seduce me into doubting that Harold Ross's mania for factual accuracy became dormant *only* in "Socrates Afloat." *Marin City, Cal.* HARTWELL S. SHIPPEY

## ADVICE TO THE LOGANS

SIRS: The article which gets my goat is the one about the sad plight of Pa and Ma Logan on \$3,000 per year ['48 January]. . . . Personally, I think the only ones who can do anything effective about the high cost of living are the Logans themselves. . . . In our little community out here nearly everyone combines a city job with a little farming. I know a number of families who have raised five or six children on less

than half of \$3,000 a year. . . . If the Logans are determined to stay in the city, they can get along much better if they'd invest about \$4 in a subscription to one of the consumer research organizations. Next, they should get mail order catalogues and do their shopping at home. Why can't city folks take a page from the farmers' book and develop consumer cooperatives too? . . . Sue Logan could take a part-time job . . . a home mending service or a nursery school project . . . If you really want something in this U.S.A. you can still get it. . . . but you may have to use a little more ingenuity.

*Lafayette, Ind.*

HELEN HICKOK

## '48's COVER

SIRS: Should the cover be art-full? BY ALL MEANS!

Pleasantly ordinary? *NEVER.*

Splashy? YES, BUT *ARTFULLY.*

A new twist on sex appeal? WELL, *GOOD AND NEW.* . . .

Stick its neck out to be different? *QUITE!*

Tie in with content? NO, NO, A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

Why strive to be average, when you are so much better than average?

*Baltimore, Md.*

VEE CHILTON

SIRS: Your magazine always looks as if it were dressed in the dark. Sometimes I am convinced that people with

split personalities have a hand in choosing your covers.

Bronx, N. Y.

DAVID WILEN

SIRS: Your back covers were uniformly good.

Fort Worth, Texas

JOHN CATES

## PAGAVA OF PARIS

SIRS: I have read with very great interest Irving Wallace's article on Pagava of Paris ['47 December]. It happens that I am the critic who wrote in *Cité-Soir* the words Mr. Wallace quotes: "She dances as a child would play." Why did we not quote that other article in which I wrote: "Pagava is still charming. But she will have to work very hard if she wants to become a dancer"? . . . Unfortunately, Pagava is not a child any more. She has lost all the spontaneity and the natural gracefulness which used to make most of her charm. She is now the Marquis de Cuevas' Monte Carlo Ballet. I saw her recently in *Romeo and Juliet*. Though still pleasing to look at, she is a rather stiff and cold Juliet. Her new gracefulness is affected. She has not improved her technique as much as her former admirers expected.

Paris, France

D. ABRAGAM

## INDIAN SUMMER OF HISTORY

SIRS: The Indian Summer of History ['48 March], Archibald MacLeish's profound analysis of our present tragic dilemma, so moved and impressed me that I have been passing it around to as many readers as possible. You might consider reprinting it. Surely, no spokesman for humanity and peace should remain unheard in these times, and the three who speak for peace in your magazine, Archibald MacLeish, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Trygve Lie, are worthy of a world audience and translations in many tongues. If we could only get such a message to the Russian people! Hollywood, Cal.

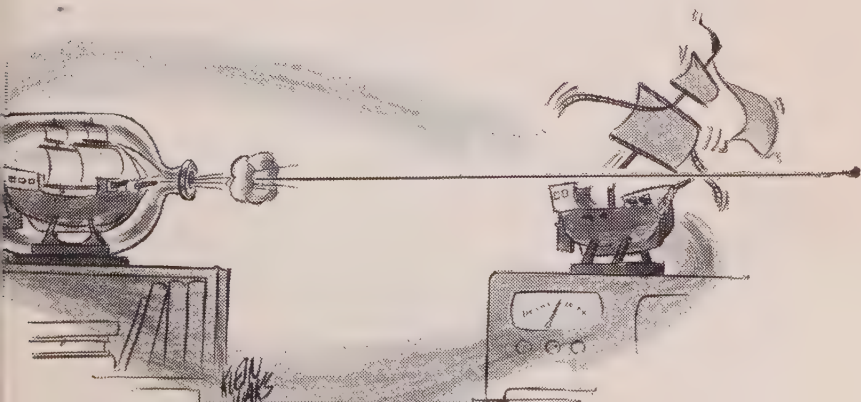
BRENDA WEISBERG

Columbia Pictures Corp.

[You have. UN radio has broadcast parts of these articles in 20 languages. —The Editors]

SIRS: In the life of the average U. S. citizen I fail to see where asking himself, "What can I do?" can give him much solace. . . . When I was in Switzerland I was much impressed by their system of referenda on national issues. Can't such a system be worked out

(Continued on page 147)





*Holy war games: Iraqi troops train in the desert with British trucks and guns.*



# HITLER OF THE HOLY LAND

A first-hand report on the Mufti, master of terrorism

By DAVID W. NUSSBAUM

**SW** ONE MORNING in Beirut last fall, Riyadh el Solh, prime minister of the pint-sized Arab state of the Lebanon, was getting out of bed when a flustered aide interrupted him with: "Excellency, Haj Amin has just landed in Beirut." "Nonsense," snorted the prime minister, "the Mufti is in Cairo." But a phone call confirmed the fact that an unidentified DC-3 had landed at the air-

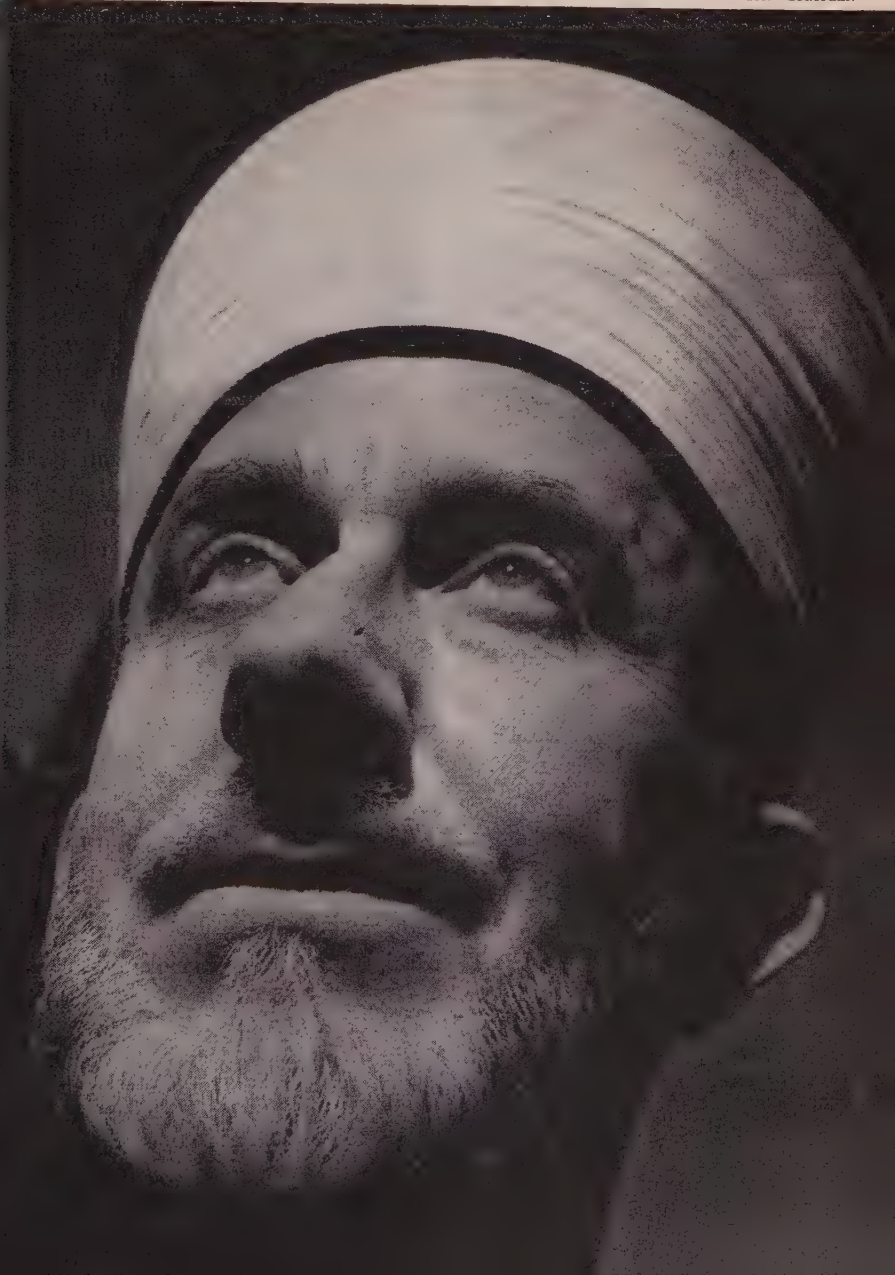
port, bearing a stocky man in flowing Arab robes, with a bodyguard of six young men.

Riyad dressed hurriedly, and minutes later, his official limousine whisked into the airport enclosure. That night, throughout the Arab world, newspapers carried the story that Haj Amin el Hussein, exiled Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, had come to Lebanon to attend a meeting of Arab leaders. The man-



of Amin El Husseini as he likes Arabs to see him—especially Arabs bearing arms.

JEAN MANZON—EUROPEAN





Seiner Eminenz dem Großmufti  
 7. VII. 1943. zur Erinnerung. H. Himmler.

*From one "war buddy" to another: Heinrich Himmler dedicated this photograph, taken on July 4th, 1943, to "His Eminence, the Grand Mufti, as a remembrance."*

ner of his coming demonstrated one reason for Haj Amin's reputation as the mystery man of the East. Wherever he goes, he travels incognito and arrives unannounced. It is the tactic of a man who has spent a lifetime fleeing justice; who, in his struggle for power, counts no man his friend.

Haj Amin had come to Beirut because he thought the time was ripe to apply direct, personal pressure on the leaders of the Arab

**David W. Nussbaum**, correspondent and former naval officer, has just returned from the Middle East, where he succeeded in interviewing the Mufti.

world in the cause of an Arab state in Palestine. The Arab League, that loosely-knit agglomeration of seven states which had constituted itself two years earlier, had been in session for several days. On the mountainside high above Beirut, the representatives of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, the Yemen, Transjordan, Iraq, Syria, and the Lebanon were discussing Arab policy in the face of the United Nations Committee's report approving partition of Palestine.

Even on this burning issue, the League, torn by conflicting interests and personal feuds, had not



chieved unanimity. Its members had adopted vague resolutions about economic sanctions against the West. Their verbal sabre rattling was not enough for the man who on Hitler's radio had cried time and again, "Kill the Jews wherever you find them. This pleases God—." The Grand Mufti\* had come to stiffen their resolution, and he succeeded.

Haj Amin launched his political career twenty-eight years ago by escaping from a jail sentence, and has spent much of his time since then as a political fugitive. He still likes to work under cover.

A title bestowed by a group of local Jerusalem judges or community leaders, called Mufti, on one of their number.

Even at the Arab League sessions, which he attends as an observer only, he is ushered through the crowds by bodyguards and disappears into the back-room cabals.

Although the masses rarely, if ever, see him, his picture is pinned up in every little Arab shop in Palestine, and his name is known to 45,000,000 Arabs throughout the Middle East. They know, too, that about one in every ten Arabs is a follower of the Mufti, and that it is unwise to criticize Haj Amin in public. He is the feared, but respected symbol of a resurgent, fanatical Pan-Arabism, an Arabia for the Arabs.

Haj Amin seldom moves from his heavily guarded villa in the



*During the war, Nazi propagandists deluged the Arab states with millions of copies of this postcard showing "Haj Amin and Hitler at their Berlin meeting."*





A cover of Vienna Illustrated features the Mufti "heiling" the Waffen SS troops he recruited in Yugoslavia.

quiet residential suburbs of Cairo. From this small and unimpressive building, he directs the political activities of more people, probably, than any other unofficial figure on earth. For a non-Moslem to penetrate the bodyguards that collect knee-deep around his headquarters requires a major diplomatic offensive. I was hustled through a courtyard where young men in dark blue suits frisked me carefully before ushering me into the presence of their leader.

Unlike the Westernized Arab statesmen who have copied European dress, the Mufti wears the costume of a Moslem religious sheik—a floor length, gold decorated black robe, called an *abayeh*, and a tarboosh circled by a white sash. Without a word, he settled his round figure in a chair, rested a pair of plump hands in his lap, and regarded me silently, impassively, as though wary of opening the conversation. In response to questions, he finally said, "What you see unsheathed in Palestine is the sword of Islam. Whenever they are beset, the Arabs will inevitably unsheath it."


With his Koran-flavored expressions, the Mufti acts the part of a devout and insular religious leader who is instinctively suspicious of outsiders, and not particularly interested in translating his thoughts for the benefit of uncomprehending visitors. When he feels himself under attack, he instantly withdraws, tortoise-wise, into a hard shell of silence. His face would be the envy of any poker-player. With its large Semitic nose and short, gray beard, it is strong and handsome, practically unmarred by the wrinkles that generally furrow the countenance of a man of 54. This granite perfection is the result of a manner habitually cold and inflexible. When he smiles, the movement of his lips is barely noticeable, and his small blue eyes remain somber.

Like most Arab politicians, Haj Amin has a weakness for the more exotic varieties of food, and his chunky, five-foot-five figure has a tendency to bulge. However, he starts each day with Swedish calisthenics, and as a devout Moslem, he neither smokes nor drinks. Five times a day, without fail, he repeats the Moslem prayers, kneeling, touching his head to the floor eight times in fairly rapid succession. At eight he breakfasts on fruit and bitter, black Bedouin coffee, and then takes until eleven to read through his mail, the Arab press, and a pile of clippings selected by his staff from New York, Paris, and London newspapers. After this he holds a conference with Arab Higher Committee members and other advisers.

From then until after midnight a stream of visitors from all over the Moslem world flows through his small villa. The important ones—presidents, prime ministers, generals, and lieutenants who think nothing of flying 5,000 miles for a week of briefing—are ushered into his main office. The Mufti, wearing his cloth-wrapped tarboosh, sits behind an old table-desk, with his feet, like the late Fiorello La Guardia's, barely touching the floor. He seldom rises to greet his callers, but mumbles quickly the traditional Arab salutations and proceeds immediately to the political subject at hand. Occasionally, his secretary re-

serves time for plain citizens from the desert. He meets these tent-dwellers in an outer room, but the talk is on the same lofty level.

The Mufti's isolationist personality is no doubt a by-product of his most distinctive feature, a boundless capacity for hate. This has been vented primarily against the British and the Jews, but the flood tide of his umbrage pours over the West in general. He hates Western civilization with undisguised passion, and except when he fled to Germany during the war, has always given it a wide berth. Although he speaks fluent French, knows English and German, his reading has been strictly confined to Arabic literature, particularly its highly introspective, intricate poetry. In music the Mufti is devoted to the atonal Arabic chant, and Western harmonies fill him with disgust.

 PARADOXICALLY, his finest opportunity to vent his hatred of the West came during his wartime service to the Germans, when his prolific Arab propaganda bureau almost surpassed Goebbels' in denunciation of the Allied powers.

The corollary of these feelings is an intense Pan-Arabism. When I asked him if he were anticipating an early return to his homeland, he ruminated for a few moments and then said, "Palestine is not my home; it is only one of them. Cairo is home, and so is Syria.

Whenever I am among my own people, I am home. Whenever I am away from them, I feel like a foreigner."

The Mufti today gives the impression of a man hermetically sealed in a cause, and this self-dedication gives him a personality both humorless and flat-surfaced. His intimate friends can recall few recent instances when he has lapsed into humor or trivialities. His grim fanaticism pervades any room he is in. Asked last winter about the Arabs' presumed lack of men and arms to wage a full scale war, his answer was, "Wait and see." Then he added: "Consequences do not disturb the Arab as they do the Westerner. The Jews do not reckon with this factor. If he is attacked, the Arab fights back regardless of the consequences. The fighting in Palestine has been inevitable since the first Jew set foot there."

But this really understated the Mufti's own role. War in Palestine is the goal that the Mufti set himself in the summer of 1946, and it is the goal that is now being achieved. The struggle now is only whether he, or other Arab rulers, will control the war.

The war had its real beginning near Paris on the soft gray morning of June 8, 1946. That day, the Mufti, who supposedly had been under French surveillance since his escape from Germany the year before, shaved off his beard,

wrapped himself in an old mackintosh, trudged out of his house, and took a taxi to the airport. From there he flew to Cairo, where ambitious King Farouk was all too glad to shelter a visitor who would add greatly to Egypt's prestige. Despite the postwar increase in Jewish immigration, the Palestine issue had not fired the Arab masses, and moderate Arab leaders were seeking a compromise solution with Zionism. These were the very reasons why the Mufti chose so suddenly to return home.

Eighteen months later, on November 30, 1947, Haj Amin slipped into a small modern house in the outskirts of Damascus. There he met Fawzi Kawukji, the Junker-trained Arab who had been his military commander in the 1936-39 Palestine riots, his accomplice in the 1941 anti-Allied coup in Iraq, and a fellow exile in wartime Germany.

"The Arab League is falling into line," Haj Amin told his lieutenant. "Now is the time for you to begin again the continual raids against the Jewish communities that we developed in the 1936-1939 campaign."

Casualties in Palestine have steadily risen since that frontier meeting. Volunteers from the Arab states have streamed into Fawzi's camps for military training. The first raids were launched from Syrian territory. Then, in accordance with the Mufti's battle plan,



*Marriage of convenience: Moslem leaders, no love lost among them, at a meeting in Cairo. By harping on Islam's destiny, the fanatic Mufti (seated, left) welds such motley forces as Mohammed Ali Jinnah (next to him), head of India's twin nation, Moslem Pakistan; and moderate, Westernized Azzam Pasha (right), Arab League Secretary. Others are Egyptians, a Saudi Arabian, and a Moslem scholastic.*

Fawzi moved his headquarters to the mountainous Nablus-Talkarem-Jenin triangle in northern Palestine. There the Mufti hoped to join him, once the British had gone and left him free to return to his native country.

The Mufti's campaign to persuade the Arab world to support active war in Palestine has combined persistence, intimidation, and shrewd use of extremist groups for his own ends. In Cairo, after his arrival from Paris, he had received no encouragement from Egypt's King Farouk, who was preoccupied with domestic problems,

or from the Arab League. Its secretary, Abdul Rahman Azzam Pasha, a moderate in politics and the most Westernized of the Arab statesmen, believed he could settle the Palestine question favorably through international negotiation.

In action, the Mufti is protected by his official religious title from any display of public displeasure. His position in Palestine is based on family position, religious authority, and the strongest political machine in the Middle East. The Husseinis represent the landed aristocracy of Arab Palestine; they are a large family, and



in a society which is still semi-feudal, Haj Amin is the tribal chief. Since the early '20s he has been president of the Supreme Moslem Council, which appoints local religious leaders throughout Palestine and neighboring Trans-jordan, and collects tithes for Moslem mosques. Recently, the Jewish Agency of Palestine protested against payment by the Palestine government to the Supreme Moslem Council of back tithes collected by the government during the war. The Jews maintained, with good reason, that this sum, nearly \$1,000,000, would be used to swell the Mufti's war chest.

The main political instrument of the Mufti is the Palestine Arab Higher Committee, formed by the Mufti as a counterpart of the Jewish Agency, but never officially recognized by the British mandate government. The Committee, of which the Grand Mufti is chairman, was set up to run the 1936-39 war, and reconstituted in 1946. It holds no mandate from the Arabs; its ten members are appointed, not elected. It imposes taxes to collect a national defense fund, runs newspapers, and speaks for the Palestinian Arabs before the United Nations.

The Mufti enforces his policies in Palestine by ruthlessly intimidating all opposition elements. During the last three years, some two dozen political opponents have been murdered; others have

fled the country and fear to return. The times favor extremism. Last fall, Sami Taher, a prominent and progressive Arab trade union leader, was shot down in cold blood in the city of Haifa. A colleague and lifelong friend shook his head sadly at the news and said, "I have always hated the Mufti's methods; he is a reactionary and dangerous. But what can we do? At the moment he is the only man who can save Palestine."

While he tightened his grip on Palestine, the Mufti waged a shrewd campaign within the Arab states. In Egypt, he made effective use of the extremist right-wing Moslem Brotherhood, which, supported by students, staged well-timed demonstrations in Cairo, shouting for revenge against the Jews. Fire-breathing statements began filling the Lebanon papers. In the lobbies of the Arab League conferences, the Mufti hammered away at the idea of *jihad*—the holy war. And as he stepped up the tempo of his propaganda campaign, the League leaders responded with nationalistic speeches, and slowly but surely the cry "Down with the Jews" was picked up all over the Arab world.

When the United Nations voted for partition last November, Azam Pasha of the Arab League announced that the Arab states would not meet the decision with force. Haj Amin waited only one day and then struck. Demonstrations of un-

precedented violence shook the major cities of the Middle East. Two days later the word went out again, and the demonstrations were turned off like a faucet. Arab League opposition crumbled. Secretly it voted the Mufti one million Egyptian pounds (roughly \$3,000,000) to buy arms. And on February 21, 1948, the League reportedly agreed to prohibit the laying of pipelines by American and British oil firms.

The Arab states, knowing there is a gold mine in oil royalties, had signed contracts permitting transit rights. In Saudi Arabia, an aide of the Mufti failed to persuade King Ibn Saud and Prince Feisal to cancel American oil concessions, but they agreed to go along with any Arab League decision on pipelines. In Syria and the Lebanon, through whose territory the lines would pass, a sensational newspaper campaign by extremist adherents swung those governments, too, into line.

Although the Mufti finds it easy to arouse most Arabs to open their mouths and shout, he has considerably more difficulty in getting them to open their pocketbooks. One of his fund-raising techniques was recently illustrated in Beirut. On three successive nights the quiet Lebanese capital was shaken by explosions and four-alarm fires. The bombed houses belonged to native Jewish merchants who hadn't paid up, but everybody took the hint

and donations spurted noticeably.

Many of the other Arab leaders consider Haj Amin their arch enemy. He is hated by the Regent of Iraq, who fled to safety when the Mufti organized a pro-Axis coup in Iraq in 1941, and feared by ambitious King Farouk of Egypt, who aspires to leadership of the Arab League. He is a constant irritant of King Ibn Saud, who cares more for American oil royalties than for Palestine.

But the Mufti's bitterest and potentially most dangerous foe is little King Abdullah of Transjordan. Through a lifetime of disappointment Abdullah has dreamed of creating a Greater Syrian state (including Transjordan, Arab Palestine, Syria, the non-Christian part of Lebanon, and Iraq). His British-trained army, the finest in the Middle East, is right across the border. Only the British and the jealousy of his fellow rulers in the Arab League have deterred him from grabbing the non-Jewish part of Palestine.

Although the Mufti's adherents are firmly in the saddle in Palestine, he is hated by many of the Palestinian Arabs. His last attempt to liquidate the Holy Land's Jews, the series of bloody riots from 1936 to 1939, cost more Arab lives at the hands of other Arabs than Jewish and British lives. Some of Jerusalem's best families accused Haj Amin of gun-point extortion, appropriating re-



ligious funds for his own uses, muzzling the press, and adopting assassination as a political weapon.

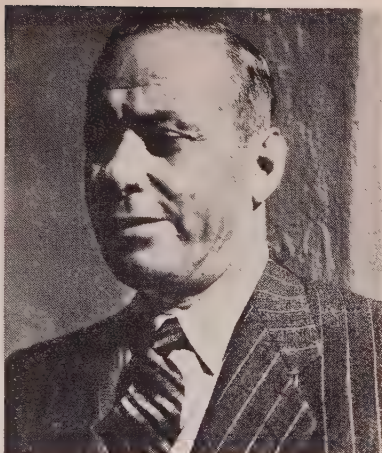
Considering his diverse crop of enemies, people are constantly wondering who, if anyone, is behind the Mufti. Haj Amin has had uncanny success in his raids on government treasuries. In Iraq in 1940, for example, the Parliament voted to deduct 2 per cent of the salary of every government worker to support him and his staff. The money was immediately used to overthrow the government.

His political career, however, he owes solely to the British. The relations between Haj Amin and Great Britain constitute a major political enigma. Years ago, Winston Churchill called the Mufti "the deadliest enemy of the British Empire." Yet the British Foreign Office has steadfastly refused to recognize him as such, and this odd self-delusion has been maintained regardless of the complexion of the government in power.

Had it not been for the attitude of the British government, Haj Amin would in all likelihood have spent most of his life in jail. As it is, his story reads like a six-part, Saturday-matinee movie serial.

It started in April 1920, when Arab mobs subjected the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem to four days

*"Kill the Jews": At Mufti-inspired demonstrations like this, thousands of Arab tribesmen, whipped into a frenzy, volunteer to fight his war in Palestine.*



*Trigger man: Fawzi Kawukji, field commander of the Arab guerrilla forces in Palestine, has been fighting the Mufti's battles for almost 15 years.*

of pillaging and massacre. A British board of inquiry established that the raids had been carefully planned, and at later trials Haj Amin was charged with prime responsibility. He fled to Syria to escape imprisonment.

The next year, the British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel (the only Jew ever to hold the job) granted the young Husseini a pardon. He followed this by selecting Husseini, over the heads of three other contenders, for the post of Mufti of Jerusalem (to which his associates added the tag of "Grand"). In 1920, a second blaze of disturbances broke out which the then High Commissioner described as "acts of unspeakable savagery." Once more Haj Amin



was spotted as the ringleader, but this time he was only slapped on the wrist.

Late in 1937, after eighteen months of Arab-instigated terror in the Holy Land, the British finally rounded up the members of the troublesome Arab Higher Committee. But British troops waited four days before searching his Jerusalem hiding-place. He slipped away disguised as a peasant woman. Four years later, in 1941, when British troops marched into Iraq to suppress the Mufti-organized pro-Nazi revolt there, he again eluded them, this time to Berlin.

From 1941 to 1945, the Mufti was the No. 1 non-Axis participant in Hitler's war machine. He formed Moslem parachute groups in the Balkans, a Moslem espionage unit, and finally a full-fledged Arab brigade. Documents read at the Nuremberg trials provided evidence that he had played a central role in the program for the extermination of Europe's Jews.

For these reasons Switzerland refused him sanctuary at the war's end, and he was picked up by French troops. Despite his war record, British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin declined to ask for his extradition, refused to brand him a war criminal, and left him to house arrest by the French. When he left Paris a year later, the house arrest had been so relaxed that it was unnecessary for him to "escape."

It is commonly assumed that British governments have played this game of cops and robbers with the Mufti in an effort to retain the friendship of the Arabs. The United States seems to have adopted the same attitude. Both should know that this is a feeble hope. Anyone who took ten dollars for every pro-British or pro-American Arab he could find in the Middle East today would starve to death in a week. If the Mufti is ever victorious in Palestine, he will surely become the head of the new Arab state, and he will oppose all Western influence. He is even now contemplating turning the Arab Higher Committee into a government-in-exile, with himself as leader.

Recently, a prominent Arab business man recalled some advice he had given the British Colonial Secretary in 1939.

"I suggested," he told me, "that if Britain wanted to solve all of its problems in the Arab world, it needed only to get the Mufti back to Palestine at once. He would have been bumped off within two days after getting there. Today," my informant continued, "no advice could be further from the mark. The Mufti has now put extremism in the saddle of the Middle East, and there is nothing the moderates can do but follow him. He has become a national hero. If you ask me, he's the coming Fuehrer of Islam."

—48—

here? . . . It is commonly said that the country is 'way ahead of the Congress on important issues.

*Kenmore, N. Y.* RALPH A. ROBERTSON

## WRITER-READERS

SIRS: '48, these last few months, has been going along fine—to the point where it's really readable straight through from cover to cover, something that can be said of very few others.

*Bayside, N. Y.* ROBERT M. COATES

SIRS: It is a relief and a pleasure to see a piece like Robert Martin's *Korea: The Country Nobody Knows* ['48 April] get into print. We need more and more of this kind of reporting that hammers at both the monstrosities people have to contend with.

HAROLD R. ISAACS  
*New York Newsweek*

SIRS: I have found much to admire in recent issues of '48, and I am in danger of having to add the magazine to my regular reading obligations.

WHEELER McMILLEN  
*Washington, D. C. Pathfinder*

SIRS: The current issue ['48 April] is a grand job. More power to you.

*Washington, D. C.* MARQUIS W. CHILDS

SIRS: With the recent issues, your magazine finished the formative period and reached maturity . . . I thought you might like to know.

*New York* OLGA KNOPF, M.D.

[We do.—*The Editors*]

## WHEN IKE WAS YOUNG

SIRS: In the photograph of General MacArthur and his aides who broke up the Bonus Army march [*MacArthur:*

*Destiny's Choice*, '48 May], you failed to identify the aides. Isn't the handsome officer in the center none other than General Eisenhower?

*Kansas City, Kansas* A. F. P. MCGRAW



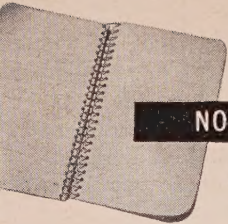
[The photographer who covered the rout of the Bonus marchers from Washington in 1932 apparently felt no need to identify anyone below the rank of major general. He did name the officer on the right, Major General Perry L. Miles. MacArthur, of course, is the officer at left. The man in the middle, '48 has discovered after careful research, is indeed Major Dwight D. Eisenhower, then a staff officer in Washington—*The Editors*.]

## NEW TALENT

SIRS: Why don't you make it a point to print at least one story each month by a newcomer? You should do something to encourage new talent. If your magazine won't, who in heck will?

*Brooklyn, N. Y.* JENNIE SCHULMAN

[We will, and have. See stories by Ralph Ellison and Robert McSorley (January), John Campbell Smith (February), Robert Lewis (March), Jessica Wellner and Jack Aistrop (April), Astrid Valley (May), and Margaret Bonham (page 82).—*The Editors*.]



## NOTEBOOK

*(Continued from page 2)*

said: "Arthur, I'd take more lessons if they were cheaper. Why don't you sell a series?" I said, "Fine, but how would I work it?" "Well," Caruso said, "You charge \$4 a lesson now. . . . Let's see . . . why not make it six for \$25!"

\* \* \*

At the time I opened my dancing studio, the profession was in considerable disrepute. Many dance studios weren't places to which a mother could safely send her young daughter—or son. I think part of my success lay in my emphasis on respectability. I checked carefully into the backgrounds of all my teachers. Dancing lessons are now established as perfectly proper, but as a double check, the door to each one of my studios is equipped with an opening through which instructor and pupil can be plainly seen.

\* \* \*

My girl teachers are all pretty, but I learned long ago not to hire any raving beauties. They're too self-centered to teach anybody anything.

\* \* \*

I've always hated to fire anybody, so I remember very clearly the skinny blond boy who just couldn't seem to learn to teach. He had grace and charm, but he wouldn't stick to the conventional steps. The first time I tried to discharge him he promised to reform, and, noticing a picture of my twins on my desk, he made a few comments on their beauty. Naturally that helped me decide that perhaps he was not such a poor teacher after all. But the next time I was relentless. He was fired. Later I got to know him better as Paul Draper, the celebrated dancer.

\* \* \*

Dancing lessons are popular not only with the young. About half my pupils are over 40 and several are in their 70s. —18—

'48 the Magazine of the Year, 68 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. All material submitted must be accompanied by return postage, but the publishers cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and art. Price: 35 cents a copy, \$4.00 a year, \$7.50 for two years, and \$10.00 for three years in the U. S., U. S. possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere \$5.00 a year, \$9.00 for two years, \$12.00 for three years, payable in U. S. currency or equivalent. Allow four weeks for change of address.



# MEMO FROM **48**

**NEW OWNER-CONTRIBUTORS:** In recent months '48 has added numerous professional people to its list of creative stockholders. Among early arrivals '48 welcomes:

**WRITERS:** Martin Agronsky, Lloyd C. Douglas, Frances & Albert Hackett, Aldous Huxley, Maurice Hindus, Nunnally Johnson, Larry Lesueur, Helen Kirkpatrick, Carl & Shelley Mydans, Nathaniel Peffer, Claude Stanush, George Tabori, Alexander Uhl, Dwight Whitney **PUNDITS:** Fred Allen, Jimmy Durante, Bob Hope **ARTISTS:** Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge, T. Lux Feininger, Jack Levine, Bill Mauldin, William O'Malley, Saul Steinberg **PHOTOGRAPHERS:** Frank Scherschel, Leonard McCombe, Hal Stebbins.

(A complete listing of all '48 Owner-Contributors will appear in an early issue.)

## NEXT MONTH

**TWO MINUTES WITH STALIN . . .** by Ellis Arnall, Walter Duranty, Harold L. Ickes, Bill Mauldin, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Thompson, Walter White . . . What would you say to Uncle Joe if you had the chance? We've all thought of plenty . . . In '48 July leading Americans state just what they'd like to tell Stalin . . . in two minutes.

**HARLEM IS NOWHERE . . .** "A thousand clinics could not cure the sense of unreality that haunts Harlem as it haunts the world." A brilliant writer and a distinguished photographer, with a sensitive comprehension of their own people, examine New York's troubled Negro city as a laboratory for universal problems. A '48 Photo-Report by Ralph Ellison and Gordon Parks.

**ALSO:** Nudes and Prudes in American Art . . . with full color illustrations . . . Bill Douglas: how he lost the Presidency and why he should try again . . . Is One Wife Enough?—the case for polygamy . . . plus articles and fiction by Roark Bradford, Albert Camus, A. E. Giegengack, Saul Levitt, Lewis Galantière, William Vogt, and others.

**LOOK FOR '48 JULY ON YOUR NEWSSTAND FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH.**



ROGER BUTTERFIELD. . .

Political Conventions: Necessity or Nuisance? . . p. 44

TRIS COFFIN. . .

Vandenberg and the Great Temptation . . . . . p. 5

Design by Miguel Covarrubias

